

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 27, 1969

50 CENTS

Wilt Chamberlain

A Los Angeles Dilemma





LaRocca 4-Door Sedan

Should a luxury car break with tradition?

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Should a luxury car break with tradition?

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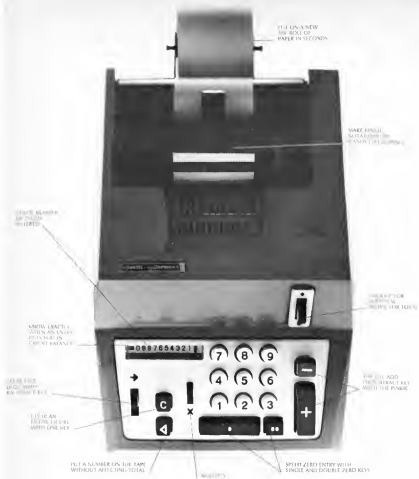
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Next week

A BOSTON REIGN over hockey for years to come is forecast by Mark Mulvey, who finds Bobby Orr & Co. are backed by promising farm teams—and that Montreal is slipping.

THE CROSBY brings together top pros and celebrities, scatters them over three scenic courses, often in squalls and hurricane winds, and always produces a notable tourney.

A HOME AFLOAT to retire to in comfort was what racing sailor Carleton Mitchell had in mind. Mitchell and Arnie Ted Lodigensky describe an old rig sailor's new powerboat.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

His story *The Year of the Great Fan Draft* (page 54) notwithstanding, Associate Editor Frank Deford is a football fan. Deford, who also wrote this week's cover story on the Los Angeles Lakers (page 10), in fact attended the Colts' first game in his home town of Baltimore in 1953, and he still watches the pros regularly on television "I like professional football," says Deford, "but I do find annoying the false complexity and sacrosanctity that has been built around the game." Deford found out what a holy ground pro football is when he was assigned last summer to line up a writer to do a humorous story about the game. "There are hordes of writ-

ers willing to dig at baseball for being old-fashioned or at basketball for being small-time," he reported back, "but they shy away from football as if they'd be poking fun at the fourth person of the Blessed Trinity." Not afraid of a little iconoclasm, Deford took on the task himself, using what he considers humor's most effective form, satire.

His subject fell right at hand. "I just busted the whole thing on some idiots I know who attend pro football games regularly," he says. "Some of the liveliest people turn both boring and boorish when they talk football. First they try to impress you with their knowledge of the game's phony technical terms and then they overwhelm you with descriptions of the rigors they've withstood to watch it. They know when they buy their tickets that it's going to be cold in November."

Overbearing fans, however, are not Deford's pet football peeve—half-time shows are. "Halftimes are the most insipid, unoriginal and gross excess in American life today," he moans. One Sunday, Deford tried leaving the room during the half, but could still hear the music wherever he went. Then he experimented with turning down the sound, but every time he walked into the living room he could not avoid seeing a band form up into an American flag. Now he just shuts off the set. "I figure 20 minutes of silence is better than any halftime I've seen, except one last year when they had a circus," he says. Deford's solution is to lock all bands that spill out anything—and all majorettes regardless of race, color or creed—into a stadium and make them watch each other. "It would be crueler than the Chinese water torture, but it would get them off my TV."

Once the game resumes, Deford returns to watch, fully enjoying the action and thoroughly annoyed by the descriptions. "I know some football players and they're pretty average guys," he says, "but the announcers give them all the intelligence of Phi Beta Kappa and the dramatic sense of John Barrymore. They fill the players' jobs with needless complexity and then add a touch of syrupy drama right out of *Our Gal Sunday*. This year's pet phrase seems to be 'crucial third-down situation.' I must have heard it a million times. I've seen quarterbacks do great in those situations, but I wonder how well the announcers are doing on their third downs."

He thinks Deford has done well with his first down—he has never written a football story for us before—by making reading about the game exactly what he thinks it should be, fun.

Gary Hall

Sports Illustrated

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FRANK DEFORD BETWEEN GAMES

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SCORECARD

TWO DREAMS

O. J. Simpson signed a "total management contract" two weeks ago with an Indianapolis organization called Sports Headliners, Inc., whose president, Charles M. (Chuck) Barnes, says, "O. J. is a million-dollar property. Hopefully, he'll do even better than Jean-Claude Killy."

Barnes was talking about money, not yardage or slaloms. Killy, the triple gold-medal winner from the Winter Olympics, has cashed in big with endorsements, commercials, TV appearances and the like. "O. J. has an advantage that Killy doesn't have," Barnes says. "He'll be playing football every week, and that will keep him in front of the public more."

Every week, eh? Well, now. The Buffalo Bills get first pick in the pro football draft next Tuesday, and their choice almost certainly will be Simpson. O. J. has indicated that Buffalo is not the town nor the AFL league that he prefers. "O. J. doesn't have anything against Buffalo," Barnes hurried to point out, "but you have to go where there is the best advantage to you and your family. If things don't go as well as we feel they should in our negotiations, the pro draft system might be tested in court. It's very unlikely that it will come to that, but it could happen."

All sorts of rumors have had Buffalo making complex deals to get O. J. to a team that he will accept. But Ralph Wilson, who owns the Bills, says, "We are definitely going to draft Simpson, and we have no intention of using him as trade bait, even if another team were to offer us seven players for him. His alternatives are to skip to the Canadian league and be blacklisted by the AFL and the NFL, or to sit out all playing activity until he makes a contractual arrangement."

"I have very high hopes that he will play for us. I've met Simpson, and he's one of the nicest people you'd ever want to know. He's got a fine sense of hu-

mor. He said to me, 'Mr. Wilson, I had a nightmare the other night. I woke up all hot and clammy. I dreamt I had been drafted by Buffalo.' I laughed, but I said, 'I had a nightmare myself, O. J. I dreamt we drafted you and we signed you, and you were a big flop.'"

CEILD GROUNDS

One of the recent storms that smothered the Pacific Northwest in heavy snow and sub-zero temperatures left the parking lot outside Portland's Coliseum completely frozen over. Automobiles could not use it, and a Western Hockey League game between Portland and Denver had to be canceled.

Frigid Oregonians reported with some pride that it was the first time ever that a hockey game had to be postponed because of ice.

AD NAUSEUM

Pro football fans among American Airlines flying personnel may find their enthusiasm for the sport turning to unbearable boredom. Full-page advertisements run by American in newspapers on Friday, Jan. 17, proclaimed:

"... IT'S SUPER BOWL. Everyday, from now until January 28 ... On every one of our nonstop flights to California. The Jets over the Colts. ... In case you didn't believe your eyes."

One can't help but feel that by the dozen time the game pops up on airborne screens even the most devoted Joe Namath fan among those pretty stewardesses (or stewards) is going to be secretly praying for Bubba Smith to break through just one time and spread old Joe all over the Orange Bowl.

DROP CLOTHES

Pennants proclaiming National Hockey League championships, Stanley Cup victories and other triumphs used to hang from the rafters of Maple Leaf Gardens, home of the Toronto Maple Leafs. But the pennants—called dust collectors by one Maple Leaf executive—restricted

the view of some paying customers and were taken down. One day recently, painters were doing over the television booth in the upper reaches of the Gardens. Draped across the seats below to catch the paint drips were a dozen or so of the ancient banners.

Commented Syl Apps, who captained three Maple Leaf teams to Stanley Cup victories: "I would think that the pennants could have been put to better use than that. We worked awfully hard to get them. I'm rather shocked that they mean so little."

FAST TALKER

A psychiatrist in Kansas, who took up jogging a while back, was unable to achieve communication with a schizophrenic patient until he hit on the idea of taking the patient out to jog with him. Now, as they trot along, the patient opens up and, in fact, does most of the talking. The only jarring note is that the patient, only 24, has proved to be an indefatigable runner, whereas the psychiatrist, who is creeping up on middle age, tends to poop out after a few miles. On the brighter side, the psychiatrist feels that if his practice grows large enough in this area—to, say, five or six



such patients a day—he can enter the Boston Marathon in a year or two and might even go off as a favorite.

UP AND COMING

Among the many annual lists of Best This and That is the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce selection of the "100 outstanding young men of America." The citation sounds at first like one more

empty honor. But since its inception back in the 1930s, the list has spotlighted some genuine comers early in their careers. John Kennedy, for instance, was named for 1946 and Richard Nixon a year later. There have been a few losers over the years, like the notorious Billie Sol Estes, but the good guys have included Dr. Denton Cooley, Nelson Rockefeller, Charles Percy, Carl Rowan, Orson Welles, Howard Hughes and William McChesney Martin.

We are pleased, therefore, to note that four of the 10 men honored for 1963 are from sport: Arthur Ashe, the tennis player; Jim Ryun, the miler; Bart Starr, the quarterback, and Wes Pavolon, chairman of the board of the NBA's Milwaukee Bucks.

TWELFTH MAN THERE

Since the Penn State-Kansas 15-14 game in the Orange Bowl, the following has been making the rounds: Q. What is blue and white and has 24 legs? A. The Kansas football team.

SLOW BREAK

Girls' basketball is a big thing in Tennessee, which is why everybody around Chattanooga is talking about the game between the Ooltewah High Owlettes and the East Ridge High Pioneers. At the end of regulation play (four seven-minute quarters) the game was tied at a bnsk 34-34, but in overtime it settled down into a defensive struggle. It was so defensive that neither side scored through 11 consecutive two-minute overtime periods. In the 12th overtime, with seconds remaining (whichever team had possession froze the ball most of each overtime period), Cindy Straussberger of East Ridge broke through and sank a layup. But with two seconds left, the Owlettes' Debbie Goodman took a desperation shot from midcourt and—swoosh—the game was tied again.

There was no more scoring after that until the 16th overtime, when Miss Straussberger again came through with a layup that gave East Ridge an overwhelming 38-36 lead. But wait! Although her basket was allowed, Cindy fell on an opponent as she came down and was called for charging. That sent Jan Hudson to the line with a one-and-one. She sank her first but, mercifully, missed her second, and the game ended with East Ridge winning handily 38-37.

The question now is: Despite the

freeze, if they could score only seven points between them in 16 overtime periods, how in the world did the two teams ever manage to get 68 points into the baskets in regulation play? There is no accounting for women.

DOUBLE STANDARD

Last November the University of Arizona confidently expected an invitation to play in the Sun Bowl in El Paso. When it appeared that Sun Bowl officials wanted to put off the invitation until Arizona got past Arizona State in its final game, university officials became annoyed and issued an ultimatum to the Sun Bowl people saying take us now or leave us. The Sun Bowl capitulated, extended the invitation and four days later watched ruefully as Arizona got clobbered by Arizona State 30-7.

With this in mind, it is interesting to read the following statement, which President Richard Harvill of the University of Arizona delivered the other day on the subject of student protests: "Making of demands and issuing ultimatums and attempts at intimidation are improper as methods of voicing views regarding policies and procedures."

BREEZING

Steeplechase races are notoriously precarious, but the Prix des Alpes, run late in December at Cagnes-sur-Mer, near Nice in southern France, is the current proprietor of the disaster trophy. Eleven jumpers started in the Prix des Alpes. Three lost their riders at the first water jump, and four others parted company with their riders farther along. Of the four still in the race, three left the course completely when they took a wrong turn a couple of furlongs from the finish. The lone survivor, a filly named Fanita, grew lonesome for her companions and obstinately refused at the last jump. Her rider was tossed. He remounted and was tossed again. He had to chase Fanita some yards down the course before he could catch her and again climb on. This time he managed to get Fanita over the jump and then he carefully walked her to the finish line.

MANY BRAVE SOULS

Scuba divers in Florida are fascinated by the hundreds of flooded caves that honeycomb the north and central parts of that waterlogged state. The fascination is, too often, a deadly one. More than a

continued

GO WHERE THE ACTION IS



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STARDUST

Hotel & Country Club, Las Vegas, Nevada

dozen divers drowned in the caves last year, and since Jan. 1 three more have died in Suwannee County alone.

The problem, primarily, is the refusal of inexperienced divers to recognize the complexities of water-cave exploration. Even veteran scuba divers can experience fits of panic in the dark, twisting caves, knowing what to do at such frightening moments can be the difference between survival and sudden death.

The situation has become so serious that barbed wire may be installed at cave entrances to keep the divers out.

DIAL A TOOT

Stealing cars is a gamble at best, but the Japanese have devised a keyless car key to make the game more sporting. Standard on many Japanese cars is a combination lock instead of conventional ignition keys. The dial offers 90 two-figure combinations; you dial right to the first digit, left to the second and—presto! The engine starts.

So chances are 89 to 1 that a pro-

spective car thief will dial incorrectly. And the dial can be fixed so that any wrong combination triggers the horn to blow until the cops come. With odds like that, anyone who dials the right combination ought to get to keep the car.

THROW IT, YOU BUM

When not engaged in not electing a new commissioner at its December meetings, major league baseball made a quiet but possibly important decision. The rules committee decided to order the umpires to enforce the "20-second rule," which says that when the bases are empty a pitcher must throw to the batter within 20 seconds after getting the ball.

The rule—not new—has seldom been enforced. But now American League teams are talking about putting in timing devices to count off the 20 seconds, and the National League, while not going to time clocks, is telling its umpires to pack stopwatches, if necessary.

Ed Short, general manager of the Chicago White Sox, says, "Enforcement of

the rule should take a lot of wasted time out of the game." Gabe Paul, president of the Cleveland Indians, who says he has already been in touch with a company about installing a time clock, adds, "The fans should get a kick out of it. I can see a pitcher dawdling around out there, and the fans counting down the seconds behind him. 'Ten, nine, eight, seven, six . . .'"

THEY SAID IT

• Debbie Meyer, 16-year-old winner of three swimming gold medals at the 1968 Olympics, on her future plans: "What I'd like to do is design our swim suits for the '72 Olympics. Ours were soacky this time that none of the other countries would trade uniforms when the Olympics were over."

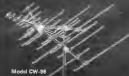
• Fran Tarkenton, New York Giants quarterback: "A quarterback is paid better, cheered more, often booed more. But a quarterback is not loved. The fans turn on him quicker than they do on a guard or tackle."

END

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CLASS **5** Standard—8 Cylinder
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CLASS **7** Compact—6 Cylinder
Plymouth Valiant 2-dr. Sedan

CLASS **8** Sport Intermediate—V-8
Dodge Charger R/T 2-dr. Hardtop

CLASS **9** Sport Compact—V-8
Plymouth Barracuda Fastback

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ON TOP— BUT IN TROUBLE

Wilt Chamberlain was going to make the Los Angeles Lakers go. Now it looks like the only going thing may be Coach Butch van Breda Kolff. The team is winning, but the price comes high

by FRANK DEFORD

When the Los Angeles Lakers got Wilt Chamberlain (see cover) in a trade last summer, the immediate popular supposition was that they had dealt themselves a wonder team. With Elgin Baylor and Jerry West playing, too, every game would be a thrilling All-Star show and every box office would do boffo, turnaway business. The only problem, it was suggested, was that the big three superstars would be struggling with each other to see who could get the ball and shoot it the most.

Now, as the NBA season moves into its last two months, it has become apparent that the results are exactly the reverse of the assumptions. The Lakers are, first of all, only a pretty good team with about the same chance to win the championship as last year's Lakers—who did not. Moreover, far from pro-



viding raging effervescence, the Lakers are dull almost to the point of tedium, and the slow realization of that fact may soon be reflected in attendance at the Inglewood Forum.

The main problem on the court is not that Chamberlain, Baylor and West do not get the ball enough. It is that Chamberlain will not—or cannot—go to the basket when he does get it. In other words, the fantastic Laker juggernaut lacks a sufficient offense to carry it, the team has been reduced to depending on its defense.

Moreover, there is discontent, which was not altogether unexpected. The Lakers, for so long one of the most comfortable, relaxed teams in sport, have become critical of one another and confused, General Manager Fred Schaus had to call a secret meeting to urge the

players to keep their disagreements to themselves. That was in December, when a controversy between Chamberlain and Coach Busch van Breda Kolff first raged publicly over where Wilt was to line up: low post or high post—or maybe even on the bench. "We are all much better off now," van Breda Kolff says, "and I would hate to see anything blow it up again. We're in a better frame of mind and we have a better outlook on playing the game."

Though the atmosphere may indeed be improved, the morale is still reminiscent of Christopher Robin's spelling "It's good spelling," he told Pooh, "but it Wobbles and the letters get in the wrong places." In its transparency, van Breda Kolff's statement points up the Lakers' dilemma: Chamberlain or van Breda Kolff. Invariably, one or the other

is blamed for everything. There is some justice in this, since it is their continued inability to compromise that is at the base of the team's problems, and there is some injustice. "The way we bitch about Wilt," says one Laker, "it would never occur to you that anyone else on the team ever even misses a foul shot."

For van Breda Kolff, the pendulum has really swung. When he came to the team from Princeton last year, he was an instant success. The players liked the way VBK gave them a freer reign off the court and the right to free-lance on it. He occasionally would get furious and call everybody "Dum-dum," but his outbreaks were quickly forgotten and the players genially called their coach "Fang" and "Crazy Horse." For the last half of the season the Lakers

continued

had the second-best record in the league.

This season, with the introduction of just one significant extraneous factor, Chamberlain—whom the Lakers sometimes call "Big Musty" van Breda Kolff is being nipped for the same reasons he was drawing raves last year. The people who praised his style of play then as fluid and loose and just right for mature pros now criticize it as disorganized and undersized. By last week's All-Star break some printed speculation had already appeared suggesting that last year's resident genius might soon be getting the ax: although the Lakers were still leading the Western Division and were moving along 7½ games ahead of last year's pace.

The point is, more was expected of the Lakers this season. Furthermore, nobody—at least of all Laker Owner Jack Kent Cooke—dares to consider that he might have traded himself into a weaker team. But Cooke may have done this when he gave up Center Darrall Imhoff, All-Star Guard Archie Clark and Forward Jerry Chambers (who is in the Army) to Philadelphia for a 33-year-old Chamberlain and his huge salary. Certainly, and most ironically, Cooke now has a worse attraction than he had, as the Lakers say, B.C. (before Chamberlain). The present A.D. (after Darrall) Lakers are drawing slightly better than they did last year, but there are signs that Southern California is getting bored. Some season-ticket seats are conspicuously unused. Inglewood City tax records indicate Forum attendance figures are being inflated anyway. The largest L.A. paper, the *Times*, has sent a correspondent on the road just once all year. (The *Times* is known to the players as "Butch's paper," the *Herald-Examiner* as "Wilt's paper.")

However, the gossip about disension—no matter how harmful it may be at home—actually is increasing attendance on the road. Part of this success is certainly attributable to Chamberlain, who—as the only real villain for NBA fans—has always been a strong out-of-town attraction. After Baylor made a free throw a few days ago at Atlanta the game was stopped and it was announced that he had passed Bob Pettit to become the second-highest scorer in NBA history. Applause began, then swelled, and soon everyone in the building was standing and roaring for a man most of them probably had never seen play be-

fore this season. Chamberlain, very graciously, came out from under the basket and was the first to shake Baylor's hand. When at last the applause subsided, the P.A. went on: "... and now Baylor is second only to Wilt Chamberlain." Suddenly boos rang down, covering the cheers.

This lightning-rod quality is of no value to the Lakers, since the NBA still operates under the rule-or-ruin philosophy that permits the home team to keep all the revenues. Thus Cooke, like the San Francisco and Philadelphia owners before him, is now in the somewhat woeful position of helping to subsidize the league.

Certainly, whatever happens for the balance of this season, upon its conclusion either van Breda Kolff or Chamberlain will depart. VBK is firm in denying rumors that either Philadelphia or New York has already approached him, but there can be little market for Chamberlain. The only franchise that might take him would be one of the expansion teams that does not get Alcindor—and that will need a special consolation to assuage its disappointment. But Chamberlain has a five-year contract at \$200,000 or more and, besides, there is a growing school of thought that he no longer possesses sufficient moves to make him a bona fide high-scoring threat.

When he was coaching Chamberlain last year, Alex Hannum suggested this possibility, and Wilt promptly went out and scored more than 50 points in each of the next three games. Perhaps he needs a challenge, for nothing else has served to make him go to the basket, even though van Breda Kolff and his teammates keep urging him to and he acknowledges to them that he should.

He still wants the ball and moans when he does not get it, but he seldom shows any inclination to shoot. In pregame practice he throws up desultory 30-foot hooks and long one-handers. The Lakers watch him and shake their heads.

Opponents agree that the Lakers are tougher to defend against when Chamberlain is working to score. "His man, Zelmo Beatty in our case, has to concentrate on him then," says Atlanta Coach Richie Guerin, "so Zelmo can't step back and help anybody else—and when he has to stick on Wilt that opens up the whole middle for the Lakers."

When Chamberlain first appeared, in 1963-64 under Hannum, as the "new,"

nonshooting Wilt, he averaged a revolutionary low of 29 shots a game. This year he is averaging about 13 shots, and in a recent five-game road trip when West missed three games with an injury and there was even more need for him to contribute offensively, Chamberlain made only 20 of 49 shots, trying fewer than 10 a game.

Chamberlain, the most punctual member on the team, is never late for practice—but he does not like to practice basketball. He prefers instead to run laps, which van Breda Kolff lets him do while the rest of the team scrimmages. Chamberlain is leading the league in rebounds, and this has freed Baylor from the major responsibility under the boards. But the Lakers have lost their fast break because Chamberlain does not look for an outlet pass. "This is a very old team," he says, "and we are simply not much of a fast-breaking team anyway. We don't have the players conducive to that type of play."

So the Lakers walk the ball up the court, get arranged and then, as VBK says, start "to grind it out." The Lakers do not often make 100 points now. "Defense is the thing we're really living on," van Breda Kolff admits, and Chamberlain has been superb, sometimes even awesome, on defense. In a recent game on national television he blocked 23 shots against Phoenix.

Fans of Chamberlain point out that he is being criticized for doing the same thing that has brought glory to Russell—concentrating on defense and going easy on offense. Russell, however, has always triggered the Boston attack with his outlet passes. Chamberlain forces the Lakers to play his style—and then, when he fails to shoot, he is not being Wilt Chamberlain. Raquel Welch in baggy pants and a fringed wig would not be showing herself to best advantage, either.

Van Breda Kolff's problem in dealing with Chamberlain is often one of matching stubbornness. Hannum consulted with Chamberlain, listened to his ideas, sometimes compromised, sometimes gave in. But the Dutchman does not lean in this direction. Perhaps it is really more a conflict of life styles than of playing styles. Van Breda Kolff is a hoisterous, gregarious man who bounds through the Eastern winter without an overcoat just because it is a nuisance to bother with one. "All he needs is a turtle-neck and a throat lozenge," Baylor

declared one day as the coach came out of some north winds. Chamberlain is a loner, sensitive to criticism and comparison to Russell, plagued by the mental derelicts who find in his size only humor and a license to pry.

"You know, we've gotten along fine from the first," West says, "and I've never cared where Wilt played or any of that. The thing that has amazed me—I just didn't have any idea how put upon he really is."

It is a curious folkway of our society that the excessively short, fat and thin are not to be mocked, while it is open season on the tall. The same people who would never think of asking a fat man, "How's the diet?" somehow conclude that it is perfectly in order to point at Chamberlain's height, to engage him in inane conversation about his shoe size or even, yes, to ask him how the weather is up there.

It is no wonder he moves quickly through public places. He has a single room on the road, a prerogative Baylor and West also enjoy, and it is something of a refuge, for he is a prodigious sleeper, as well as the possessor of a Ruthian appetite. The Lakers still watch with some fascination as he washes down pies or cakes at halftime with large quantities of milk. He finds the Laker experience no different from that with the Warrior or 76er teams. "Everything is relative, my man," he says. "Just different personnel, but everything else is the same once you get accustomed."

That, in a sense, is the real nub of the matter—that the Lakers and Chamberlain have not really adjusted to each other, or to numerous other new personalities, either. Security is hardly the hallmark of an organization where the office gag is that if you last a month with Cooke you will be awarded a gold watch. On the team, which once prized continuity, only Baylor and West remain.

The high post-low post controversy became famous largely because it was a simple thing that the public could easily grasp. It concerned the fans much more than it did the players. The Lakers have been beaten mostly for old-fashioned technical reasons—they are too slow, there are not enough good shooters among them, or quick basketball minds or much depth. And, also, they do not work well together. The Lakers are trying to do all they can to win on the court without letting personal feel-

ings enter the picture. Still, vital to the whole situation has been the constant bickering, the second-guessing and the misunderstandings, of themselves all inconsequential but, taken in steady doses, able to create an atmosphere where the high post-low post issue can thrive.

Take one incident that was altogether innocuous and quickly forgotten, but which was illustrative of how spontaneity can be so quickly turned into sour dissonance on the Lakers. The players, in a good, relaxed mood, were bantering and kidding as they came into the locker room in Boston to dress before practice. Someone mentioned casually to Baylor that Jay Carty, a rookie who is so slow that West had named him "Golden Wheels," had played with Mel Counts at Oregon State. Counts is not renowned for his speed either.

"Sure, didn't you know?" someone said. "They called them the High Cs."

"There must have been a lot of fast breaks going the other way, huh, Wheels?" another player asked. Everyone laughed, Counts and Carty included. "That team must have run like a bunch of turtles with arthritis," Baylor said. More laughter, except from Chamberlain.

"Are you talking about people again?" he said querulously to Baylor.

"I'm not talking about people," Baylor replied.

"You always talk about people."

"What do you mean?"

"How do you think people feel when, you know, you call them turtles with arthritis?" Wilt went on.

"I didn't say they were turtles with arthritis, I said they run like turtles with arthritis," Baylor said, trying to drown the issue in semantics. It was too late. There was only the shifting of seats, the hurried tying of shoelaces, and the Lakers, suddenly subdued, moved upstairs to practice.

For all the ramblings and despite their obvious shortcomings, the Lakers could still finish with the best record in the league. Even so, Los Angeles right now is not as good a team as Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York. Boston with Russell, San Francisco with Nate Thurmond and Atlanta with its reservoir of muscle are all capable of beating the Lakers in a playoff series. But, come April? The Lakers are just contrary enough to shuck off all the weediness of the past few months and prove that everybody was right after all: you can't beat a team with Wilt Chamberlain, Elgin Baylor and Jerry West on it. Or can you? **END**



Coach Van Breda Koff lectures Baylor (left) and Chamberlain stare during Lakers' time-out.



Karl Schranz won the Hahnenkamm downhill, took a commanding World Cup lead, and showed all those youngsters that the shade of Jean-Claude Killy is still his only living, breathing rival **by BOB OTTUM**

OLD RUBBER LEGS IS IN CHARGE

Everybody says that Karl Schranz is much nicer this year. He is given to bits of philosophy, the sort of thing that comes from a man who is now 39 and has just won perhaps the world's toughest downhill ski race on rubbery legs and stands now—at the bottom—with the pain of it reflected on his face. "A race is like life," says Karl Schranz. "One gets slain. The other one wins." And Karl, who used to get slain a lot, knows. The trouble is that there has always been somebody, each season, to steal Karl's thunder.

It is that part, the fear that he will go down in history as the second-best racer in the world, that has bugged Schranz. Now, at last, it is his year—and a lot of the nice boys has gone out of it.

There he was at Kitzbühel, Austria last weekend, a winner again, the sensation of the new ski season, most likely the winner of this year's World Cup, all of that—and still racing against the ghost of Jean-Claude Killy, that French

rake who made a shambles of the sport last year and then retired and went off to his commercial rewards.

Schranz feels that this is the year he could probably beat Killy again as he did so many times in 1966. But he will never again get to race him. It is like that mythical Joe Louis-Muhammad Ali fight they figure by computer.

"I beat him in many of the 1966 races. I beat him again last year," says Schranz. "And I would beat him this year, too, but you never look back, always ahead. Take one year at a time as it comes."

Schranz has been doing just that for 14 competitive years now, starting when he was 16, fighting his way into prominence on the race circuit. Schranz is a medium-size man, five feet nine, 158 pounds, with the powerful knotted thighs of a Japanese weight lifter. He has a pleasant, almost handsome look with a sort of ski-jump nose. He has a tough time looking bitter, but this season just might do it.

On the way to the Hahnenkamm last weekend he had burned the ground bare for miles around. Opening the season Dec. 14 at Val d'Isère, he won the giant slalom. Two weeks later at Berchtesgaden, Germany he was second in the slaloms, fourth in the giant slalom. Then came the race at Adelboden and there he was third in the giant slalom. And after that the ski circus went to Wengen. At the Lauberhorn he entered the downhill. Gordy Eaton, who coaches the U.S. team, was standing on the sidelines to watch.

"Schranz came roaring by," said Eaton, "and suddenly his legs gave out and he fell flat on his back. And I promise you he bounced right back up and landed right on his skis still going to beat hell. Didn't miss a beat. You think that isn't an old fox at work?"

"Well, he didn't fall," says Austrian Head Coach Hermann Gamm. "He just threw in a little stunt."

But Schranz won the race, of course.

And at the finish line he puffed, "There is still a little life in the old man yet," which is becoming a favorite expression of his.

Everybody had a run at him in the Hahnenkamm, which is just the place for that sort of thing. In fact, one of the best places in the world to look for heroes is in the hills just above Kitzbühel, that toy village at the foot of one of the most murderous downhill courses in the world.

The thing snakes for 2.2 miles down a 2,821-foot vertical drop, over bumps, down sheer walls through the forest, finally ending up with a scuss that is roughly like coming off the side of the Chrysler building.

"The Hahnenkamm offers the greatest variety of difficulties," says Killy, who ran the monster in 1967 in a record 2:11.92 seconds. "It permits a true technician to prove that he is the best."

And Spyder Salsch, a 24-year-old from Kitzbühel, Calif., put it even better than that: "It's like a big roller coaster," he said, "only faster."

One of the things that makes it such a classic is that Austria has been running this crazy race since 1931, back when people still wore leather knickers, and this year's edition was the 29th running. The course is always the same. The top and bottom are punctuated with dropoffs that run to 41 degree, and there is something in the middle called the Steilhang that still wakes ex-racers in the nights with the cold shakes.

Actually the Steilhang is a simple clean 36-degree wall, something any downhill racer worth his buckle boots could handle. But some wise committeemen put a gate in the middle of it several years ago, which means one must take the hill roughly on his right earlobe at a topspeed of maybe 50 miles an hour, trying to draw a bead on the next gate. And that gate leads into a dark twisty aisle in the woods where the racers almost need headlights to see. And down at the bottom of the Steilhang, for those who cannot handle it, Kitzbühelers have strung out a huge mesh net to catch the losers who come off the hill like the flying Wallendas. Schranz, who had skied the Hahnenkamm 12 times before and won it in 1966, is sanguine about it. "I never look at that net," he says, "because it has a certain bad effect on skiers when they see it. Besides that, I am always going too fast to see it. And

besides that I think the damned thing may be in the wrong place anyhow."

This sort of thing makes for vintage Hahnenkamm and last Saturday, ready for action, more than 15,000 people stationed themselves perilously all up and down the mountain to see it. Then high on the hill, crouched and practically flying, came Andreas Sprecher of Switzerland, first seeded. Swoosh, 2:27.07. The next man down, Rudi Sailer of the skiing Sallers, was just .07 second faster. And then, starting fifth, came Schranz.

Maybe it is snowy show biz, perhaps it is those old legs, but Schranz is the sort of racer who can make a crowd yelp in amazement. Down the Mouse-trap, right through the Steilhang, around the Oberhausberg he came, all hunched over, bobbing solidly with the bumps. Two and a quarter miles in 2:20.01, the scoreboard said, and the crowd closed in on him at the finish line. Had he won it? Schranz is too wise for that one. "No," he said, "there are many more still to come down. The race is not finished yet."

Hewas to right. In a few minutes Switzerland's Jean Daniel Daetwyler was down: a lean, baby-faced 23-year-old who won a bronze downhill medal at Chamrousse last year. His time was 2:19.41, which put him in first place. Schranz made the slightest suggestion of a shrug. And after that it got a lot wilder if not quite as fast: big Jim Barrows, top-seeded American who had started seventh, showed up at the finish line wearing one ski with the tip snapped off and his lips slightly cut and bleeding. The world will always remember Barrows for surviving what had to be the wildest crash of any Olympics at Chamrousse, and the crowd turned to him now in sympathy. "Oh, I'm O.K.," he said. "It was not a bad fall." Off to one side, head down, stood Billy Kidd, perhaps America's premier racer at 26. He had clocked a 2:24.05. It would finally place him 18th—still the highest American in the lineup. Then came the climax.

The automatic clocks were wrong, officials said, and Schranz was the winner after all. His correct time, the jury said, was 2:18.80. Still behind that other guy's course record. That is the story of Karl's life. But no matter. He had won.

Professor Franz Hoppichler, Austria's team chief, brought him the news.

"Thank you, professor," said Schranz. And later that night at their lodge his teammates asked why he had not told them that he had been switched into first place. "Ach," said Schranz. "I didn't want to look like an old brag-gart."

That is the way it is this year. He used to be quite a bit arrogant and he was a loner and would go off and train by himself. Now he trains with the others and he even takes some of the younger skiers and practices with them.

And on Sunday, not exactly carrying the nice-guy image too far but still relaxed, Schranz missed a gate high on the slalom course and that was that. Surprisingly he turned up at the finish line smiling faintly, ready to talk to people. "I cut past a gate," he said.

Schranz was not worried. His downhill win had added 25 more points to his World Cup standing. "At 110 points," said Schranz, "nobody is near me." The closest man is another Austrian, Reinhard Ertlacher, with 58 points, and prospects of catching the old man now are slim.

When it was all over Sunday night Daetwyler was an official downhill second. Tied for third were Henri Duval of France and Schranz's teammate Karl Cordin. France's Guy Périllat was fifth, and after finishing eighth in the slalom he turned up Sunday night as winner of the combined. The Americans were clearly out of it again and it was obvious that they are not the ones to challenge Schranz, not this season.

Perhaps nobody will. Old rubber legs is off and running and he is a different man. He had known all along intuitively that he had won the downhill. But he had not said anything about it while staring up that hill. Why not? Schranz borrowed an Americanism to explain it: "Ever since Grenoble," he said, "I have learned to do my thing and keep my mouth shut."

Well, then. How long can he keep this up? Schranz shrugged again. "I will race one more year," he said, "then after the world championship next year I will quit."

Maybe not. He will ski as long as he can make it to the bottom in decent time, said Coach Gamon. And then his teammate Heim Messner, who is 29, summed it all up: "I am sure," he said, "that Karl will make the first race on the moon."

END

WARMUP FOR THE CANYON RUN

George Young's victory in the two-mile event at the Los Angeles Invitational Track Meet served notice that he is ready to make his dream record attempt—a challenge most competitors don't know exists

by WILLIAM F. REED JR.

At the end of the current indoor track season George Young says he will hang up his spikes and call it a career at the age of 31. This news will be greeted warmly by distance runners everywhere, but it does not necessarily mean that the world has seen the last of little George, his stubby legs and his bleeding ulcer. Retirement is, after all, a fairly relative thing, and what George means is that he is going to channel his energy into other endeavors, such as going back to school to get his doctorate in education or perhaps setting a new world's record for running across the Grand Canyon.

"Yes, they have a time record for the Canyon," says Young, who hails from Casa Grande, Ariz., "and it's not too good. About three hours for 18 miles. I think I could run it in two. Just for kicks I'd like to try it. It would be something to do, a lot of fun, and yet it wouldn't be too competitive."

Last Friday night in the Los Angeles Invitational Track Meet, Young had a more conventional route and distance to run—22 times around a Tartan track, or two miles. Yet, such is his dominance of this race indoors that he didn't have too much competition here, either. With one splendid burst of speed early in the last lap, he swept past Ron Clarke to take the lead, then held off a belated challenge by John Lawton to win his 11th straight indoor race in a commendable 8:42.2. "I was rather shocked, really, to see him blow past me like that," said Clarke, who holds four world records. "I didn't think he was that close.

That's the way to win, though—move quickly and kick hard."

As impressive as Young's victory was, the color TV set awarded the premier athlete of the meet went to Australia's bright, young Ralph Doubell, the Olympic 800-meter champion, whose time of 2:07 for 1,000 yards was only a second off Peter Snell's world record. Along with his prize Doubell also got a kiss from Meredith MacRae, the daughter of Gordon MacRae and one of the stars of *Periwig Junction*, whose clinging orange minidress drew more attention than the majority of the events. It was a measure of the meet when Clarke said, only half jokingly, "That kiss was the most exciting thing that happened all night."

Indeed, what didn't happen was possibly more momentous than what did. For one, the NCAA refused to sanction the meet. This meant that top college stars like Jim Ryun, Dick Fosbury and Bob Seagren could have competed only at the risk, if not with the certainty, of losing whatever eligibility they have remaining, and were therefore conspicuously absent. "We didn't feel the meet management was proper," explained Chuck Noma, the NCAA's assistant executive director. "We have information to indicate that it does not meet our standards in regard to prizes and extra inducements."

The awards at most meets sanctioned by the NCAA consist of trophies, plaques and, or watches. At Los Angeles, besides the TV won by Doubell, the awards were portable typewriters for first place, clock-radios for second and at-

taché cases for third. The athletes, of course, opposed the NCAA stand almost to a man. "Man, you keep getting those watches," said John Carlos, "and what are you supposed to do with them all?" Although Carlos is enrolled at San Jose State, he was not affected by the rule because he is not competing for the school's track team. But two Olympians, Seagren of USC and Lee Evans, also of San Jose, withdrew and, downcast, watched from the stands. "I think it's kind of pathetic when a fellow can't compete in his own town," said Seagren. "But what can I do? My hands are tied. If I go ahead and vault, I'll be ineligible. The only guy who loses anything is me." So handsome Bob had to be content with driving all the women mad and watching a Japanese named Kiyoshi Niwa, who finished 11th at Mexico City, win the pole vault by clearing 16 feet.

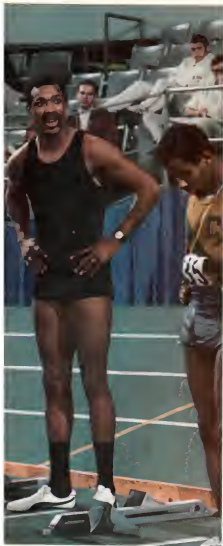
In addition, there were an unusual number of athletes who were willing but, for a variety of circumstances, unable to compete. Early in the week Dave Patrick had to cancel out of the mile because of a torn back muscle. The afternoon of the meet, Sprinter Charlie Greene telephoned to say he was snowbound in Omaha. And, as the meet was under way, Long Jumper Bob Beamon,

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEILA LONG

Gritty little George Young whips past Ron Clarke, the Australian veteran, on the final lap en route to his 11th straight indoor victory.





whose astonishing leap of 29' 2 1/4" in Mexico City earned him the warmest greeting of the night, pulled a thigh muscle and was forced to withdraw.

Even the Olympians who did show were not up to snuff. Willie Davenport won the 60-yard hurdles in seven seconds flat and, disgruntled, muttered: "I should have done 6.8 or 6.9 easy." In the same race Dave Hemery, who won a gold medal for Great Britain in the 400-meter hurdles, finished a dismal fourth due mainly, he said, to a pulled muscle. Barbara Ferrell, Geoff Vanderstock, John Pennel, Bob Day, Tom Farrell and Ralph Boston also took their lumps. "Everybody let down after the Olympics," explained Hemery, "and now we're just starting to get ourselves back in shape."

One Olympian still very much in shape both physically and verbally was Carlos. Here he came, several hours before the meet, into the hospitality room of the Sheraton-West Hotel, snapping his fingers, hopping, stuffed into a black jacket and tight Levi's. "Somebody better get on it," he said, jabbing a finger at an official, "because I paid my own money to get down here." That night, Carlos warmed up in a faded Malcolm X sweat shirt, then rather melodramatically peeled that off to reveal an all-black uniform: shirt, trunks and socks—even his watchband. He decided on this stunning ensemble, he said, because two weeks ago a writer had noted that he had worn white socks while running the 60-yard dash in a world-record-tying 5.9 at Washington, D.C.

"I didn't want people to think I couldn't run a 5.9 without white socks," Carlos said, "so it's going to be all black from now on."

Nobody was impolitic enough to point out to Carlos that his winning time in the 60 was two-tenths of a second more than it was in Washington, but he was questioned about the boos. Twice during the night the mention of Carlos' name over the public-address system had drawn scattered hoots from the crowd of 8,000, which half filled

the Sports Arena, apparently because of his role in the notorious black-glove incident in Mexico City. "It wasn't really as much as I expected," Carlos said, "but I don't really care. Man, I don't need them. I tell them to stick their head in a bucket three times and pull it out twice."

The meet took a turnup in class with Doubell's extraordinary victory in the 1,000. The race was billed as Wade Bell's chance to get even. Bell, an 800-meter favorite in Mexico City, suffered from severe stomach cramps and didn't even make the Olympic final, which was won quite handily by Doubell. What was overlooked, however, was that, while Doubell continued training and racing in Australia after the Olympics, Bell succumbed to the general American let-down. The result was that he was never in the race—nor, for that matter, was any other of Doubell's competitors.

Hanging close to the pace until the last three laps, Doubell surged to the front, and speculation shifted from who would win to whether he could break the world record. Thrashing madly down the stretch, Doubell finished 20 yards ahead of the struggling Bell. "I wasn't really shooting for the record," Doubell said later, "but I think I would have gotten closer if somebody else had been out there in front."

While Doubell was claiming the TV set and the kiss, George Young was loosening up under the stands. During the 14 months prior to the Olympics, Young ran more than 100 miles a week. He would get up at 6 a.m. and run for two hours, in the afternoon he would run three more hours. "Some of my workouts were so rough that I wouldn't tell people about them," Young said. "I was in the best condition of my life, better, I felt, than anyone else at the Games."

Then the altitude monkey jumped on his back, as it did on Ron Clarke's, and Young finished third behind two Kenyans in the 3,000-meter steeplechase. Said Young: "I will always feel within myself that anyone in the kind of condition I was in would have made it a different race at sea level."

To his credit, George didn't let all the hard work and conditioning go for naught. "I didn't have the Olympics to shoot for but I knew that it was only a little more than two months before the first indoor meet," he explained. "I knew

that with a minimal amount of training I could run well, so even though I let down a little and was mentally tired I stayed in shape." Meanwhile, Clarke, who also felt he was in the best shape of his career at Mexico City, cut down his training considerably. "I had to catch up on my sporting-goods business," he said, "and for the first time I was a bit sick of athletics."

Lawson, who runs for the Pacific Coast Club, led for the first three laps of the two-mile run, with Young second, Tracy Smith third and Clarke fourth. "I planned on getting out, setting a comfortable pace for myself and dictating the pace of the race," Lawson explained afterward. "I felt that if I could dictate it at the first I would have a better chance at the end. I wanted somebody to come up and take it from me after the first few laps."

That somebody happened to be Smith, who got out front and stayed there until Clarke, with his long legs eating up great chunks of Tartan, moved ahead at about the mile mark. The race at this point was going exactly as Clarke had hoped it would. "I'll probably run the first mile or so pretty slow," he had said, "then try to pick it up pretty good."

With six laps remaining, Smith was fading badly, and Clarke tried to pull away, but Young remained squarely behind his taller rival. "I couldn't do it," Clarke said, "because I wasn't fit enough." Still, he led until the gun lap, when Young caught him on the turn. Simultaneously, Lawson, who had dropped back as far as fifth, made his move and overtook Clarke, too. "George and I moved at exactly the same time," Lawson said. "I tried to get him with half a lap to go and all I could do was keep the same distance behind. He just can't be beaten."

Making his way back to the dressing room after the race, his new typewriter tucked under one arm and his hair, which he is wearing longer than at the Olympics, sweat-plastered to his forehead, Young was stopped constantly to shake a hand here, to sign an autograph there. "Yes, I'm thinking about going back to college," he said. "If I give up running, I've got to strive toward something. I always want a goal to work for, to try and improve on." This much a man could understand. But really, George, the Grand Canyon?

Lippy John Carlos (left) wore a black ensemble while winning the 60, but Ralph Doubell (above) won the outstanding athlete award and a kiss from Actress Meredith MacRae (below).

A Fast Bikini Under a Wet Suit

In the way-out world of speed water skiing there are good trips and bad trips. The pair opposite has known both. A fortnight ago, behind a drag boat called "Panic Mouse," a mechanical engineer named Chuck Stearns stood up on a single ash plank and skied faster over water than any man before. Stearns, 29, performed this fascinating and dangerous feat before 7,000 water-ski nuts in Long Beach, Calif. He broke his own 1966 record with a mark of 122.11 mph—and almost broke his gourd when he took a monumental tumble in "Panic Mouse's" wake. Later, quite another kind of mouse—honey-blond Sally Younger, 15—rode her ski to a woman's record of 92.66 mph. Afterward she exchanged smiles with Stearns, then stripped off her wet suit and giggled. "Now I've got the fastest bikini in the world."



Helmeted and wet-soiled against injury, daredevil Stearns rides his single ski at world-record speed on Coast course.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHELDY & LONG





Just the Place When It Snows

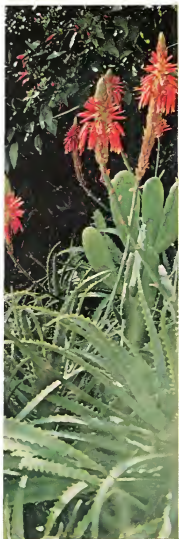
The diamond-shaped sign at left notifies golfers in flight from the wintry U.S. that they are nearing their refuge—the Mid-Ocean Club in Tucker's Town, Bermudo, some 700 miles east of the Carolinos in the path of the Gulf Stream. Bermudo offers many picturesque courses, but none is more famous than Mid-Ocean. Built in 1922, it has long been a favored hideaway for English dukes and earls, although many of its 1,000 members are Americans—politicians, financiers and just plain rich folk. The course itself is charming. Mud hens and ducks run around the ponds and brambles. Casuarina trees form perfect protection from occasional showers, and there are many spectacular ocean views. And best of all, perhaps, there is challenging golf, as the photographs on the following pages indicate.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOGSS JR.





Mid-Ocean caddies wait for assignments amid lush vegetation that makes course so appealing to U.S. visitors.



Caddle master Cyril Walmeright, as big as a samo wrestler, hopes to compete in the 1969 British Amateur.



Many players arrive at Mid-Ocean on flower-powered motor scooters, Bermuda's principal transportation.





Atlantic breezes curl treetops near the 18th green (top) as players finish their round before returning to the clubhouse, where tea and crumpets are served at 4.

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Nine years ago almost nobody watched AFL games, but today the league has full houses every Sunday, some of the most talented quarterbacks in professional football—and the NFL's scalp by **EDWIN SHRAKE**

NOW THE AFL OWNS THE FOOTBALL

Toward the end of the second quarter of the Super Bowl game, Jim Turner of the New York Jets ambled onto the grass to try a medium-long field goal. A Baltimore sports columnist traced a finger down the printed roster, located Turner's name, squinted as he sought to recall if he had ever heard it before and then turned to the man in the next seat.

"This fellow Turner," said the columnist, "he any good?"

"Well, he kicked more field goals this season than anybody in history."

"Oh," said the columnist.

A couple of hours later, after Turner's three field goals had been the margin in New York's 16-7 victory over Baltimore in the game that convinced the country that the AFL does indeed play professional football, anybody with the slightest interest in the sport had

heard of Jim Turner. Moreover, people with no interest in the sport whatever had heard of the Jets and of Joe Namath. Recognition was overdue. Since its birth in 1960, when games were often played in 50,000-seat stadiums before as few as 2,500 fans, the AFL has steadily improved. For the past two years the league has, in fact, been on a level with the NFL in performance, but it was not until the Jets beat Baltimore—supposedly the NFL's finest team in a decade—that most people were willing to admit it.

Even the AFL's most dedicated employees were somehow unable to believe what their senses told them. In last year's Super Bowl—won 33-14 by Green Bay—it was felt by many AFL coaches and players that Oakland had as good a team as the Packers with one major exception. That exception was the remarkable

Bart Starr at quarterback, Oakland had Daryle Lamont, who was then playing his first full season as a starter. Against the Packers, Oakland got stage fright and lost. Despite a number of injuries, the 1968 Raiders were a much better club than their Super Bowl predecessors. They had better running, better receiving and better quarterbacking—with Lamont a year wiser—but they had to endure a playoff to win their conference and then were beaten by the Jets in the championship.

Still, the doubt lingered about the strength of the Jets. So much had been proclaimed about the NFL for so long that it was difficult to make a reasonable statement about the Super Bowl game in the weeks of anticipation before the kickoff.

At breakfast on the morning of the game, Al Davis, who has been a coach





IN 1963 WHEN THE JETS WERE STILL CALLED THE TITANS THEY PLAYED IN THE POLO GROUNDS BEFORE FRIENDS AND RELATIVES

and AFL commissioner and is now, in effect, general manager at Oakland, was attempting to convince himself.

"I don't know what to think," Davis said. "A lot of it depends on whether the Baltimore rush can reach Namath. Frankly, I don't see how it can. He gets back quick, he throws quick and he has good blocking. Look at the personnel in Baltimore's front four. The only one with really outstanding ability is Bubba Smith. So what about the linebackers? Mike Curtis is a very good one, but is he as good as George Webster of Houston? I feel the Jets ought to beat Baltimore. But consider what the Colts have done this season, all those shutouts. It's very confusing."

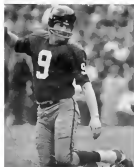
Way back last summer Wally Lemm of the Oilers was thinking about his players and comparing them to the group Lemm had coached with the St. Louis

Cardinals. Lemm is one of the five AFL head coaches who have held similar jobs in the NFL—the others being Sid Gillman of San Diego and Los Angeles, George Wilson of Miami and Detroit, Paul Brown of Cincinnati and Cleveland and, of course, Weeb Ewbank of New York and Baltimore, the only man ever to win championships in both leagues—and Lemm had been at St. Louis recently enough that the people involved in the comparison were clear in his mind. "The Cardinals have a good offensive line, but the one at Houston is just as good," Lemm said. "Our fullback at Houston would rate in the top two or three in the NFL. Our defensive backs at Houston are as good as you can find on an NFL team." Lemm went on, man for man, and concluded there was not much overall difference between the Oilers and the Cardinals. Houston finished

the season with a 7-7 record and St. Louis was 9-4-1.

The Jets were not at all reluctant to enter the argument over which league might be better. Several days before the Super Bowl, Randy Rasmussen, New York's right guard, declared that after an examination of films of four Baltimore games he could not understand what was so special about Colt Left Tackle Billy Ray Smith. "I've played against guys who are bigger and stronger than him," said Rasmussen. After the game Bob Talamoni, New York's left guard, who has been chosen on the All-AFL team six times, agreed. "You beat your head in for years blocking some of the toughest tackles in football and no one appreciates it. Well, I'll say this: I've played against a lot of better tackles in the AFL than I played against in the Super Bowl."

continued



It remained for Namath, naturally, to make the most celebrated statement of all when he said he thought there were at least five quarterbacks in the AFL superior to Earl Morrall of Baltimore and that Morrall would be a third-stringer on the Jets. Billy Ray Smith was moved to remark that Namath would keep his teeth longer if he kept his mouth shut. Namath responded by standing up before a luncheon audience and saying, "The Jets will win—I guarantee it."

"You know why Joe is doing all this talking?" confided one of his friends. "He not only wants the Jets to believe the way he does, that they can beat Baltimore, but also he wants to fire up the Colts. Sure, that may sound preposterous, but Joe has watched films, a lot more hours than most people realize, and he knows the Colts can't get to him. He wants to make them so mad that they'll practically commit suicide trying to reach him. That way, when they find out they can't touch him, they'll feel very frustrated and let down. He wants them to throw all their blitzes at him so he can hit the quick passes and make the Colts lose their pose. Joe is not exactly stupid."

Whether or not that was truly the method behind what appeared to be Namath's madness, events worked out according to that very notion. Although his passing led to only one touchdown and he had two near interceptions, one of which could have been disastrous, Namath emerged from the Super Bowl as a sports hero of a stature few have reached. There is still a reasonable debate whether Namath is now the best quarterback in the game, or even the best in the AFL, but what the Jets accomplished against the Colts in Miami has lifted an entire league out of its adolescence.

Lamar Hunt, the man who had the idea of starting the AFL in 1959, thinks the Jets proved without question that the newer league can play on equal terms with the older. "I thought we proved it when we won 13 of 23 of the so-called exhibition games in 1968," Hunt said. "I was surprised there was no value given to that in the stories discussing New

INDICATION that the scales are tipping toward AFL is that this year NFL's best quarterbacks (left column), Uzzat, Starr and Jurgensen, were fading, while AFL's best, Namath, LaMoria and Greene, were still improving.

York's chances in the Super Bowl. Until the Super Bowl the average fan thought, I believe, that the three best teams in the AFL were about on par with the middle teams in the NFL. The Jets showed this belief is mistaken. The three best teams in the AFL are on a par with the top five in the NFL—that is, New York, Oakland and Kansas City are up there with Baltimore, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Dallas and Minnesota. Our three worst teams are about as bad as their five worst. The situation has been that way for a while. Our league improved somewhat between the 1967 and 1968 seasons, but the improvement wasn't so dramatic—except maybe with the Jets. I don't think the Jets are necessarily the best team in the AFL, but they're the champs, so you have to hand it to them. Nobody could argue that they're at the very least one of the top eight teams in the game of football."

"The AFL was going to win a Super Bowl game eventually," said Tex Schramm, president and general manager of the Dallas Cowboys and the man who met secretly with Hunt to begin talks that led to the merger of the leagues beginning in 1970. "The only thing that was hurt is the pride of the NFL people such as myself who have been in it for a long time. You have a natural pride and jealousy. But now the Super Bowl game of next year will be the greatest single sports event in the country. As a league, the NFL has more strong teams, but the AFL has shown it's capable of beating our best."

Otto Graham, coach of the Redskins, is one NFL man who has always had a high regard for the AFL. "In my first public statement when I came into the NFL three years ago, I said the top teams in the AFL could give any team in the NFL a battle," said Graham. "A couple of guys almost shot me for saying that. But the Super Bowl was no upset. There's very little difference between the leagues. I coached many of the top players in the College All-Star Game. If a player went into the NFL they said he was 'great.' If he went into the AFL they said he was 'not so hot.'"

"The common draft has helped to equalize things," Blanton Collier of Cleveland said. "The quarterbacks in the two leagues are pretty much on a par." Paul Brown said, "The only difference between the AFL and NFL in many cases is just the bounce of a ball

continued



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in a single game. Don't get the idea the Jets were the only good team in the AFL. They were very happy to get past Oakland."

Harvey Johnson, interim coach at Buffalo last season, admired the Jets' game plan—with a running attack aimed so effectively at Baltimore's right side that Right Cornerback Lenny Lyles led the Colts in tackles, and with Namath throwing short passes against Baltimore's zone defense—but thought that if anything the Jets may have been too cautious. "If Namath had played like he usually does, the Jets would have put more than 30 points on the board," Johnson said.

"The game was won up front by the Jets," is the opinion of Washington Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen. "That's where most games are won. If you give one quarterback more time to pass than the other, he's going to win for you."

"Every club in our league that plays an AFL club is going to be ready, now that this has happened," said Elijah Pitts,

the Green Bay halfback. "The game means something now, with Joe Namath and John Sample and fellows like that who, ah, express their opinions freely."

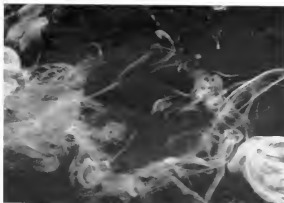
"Eight years ago, when I signed with the AFL, I frankly thought I was starting a step down from the NFL," said Kansas City Tight End Fred Arbanas. "I haven't felt that way in two or three years. Green Bay beat us in the first Super Bowl, but they didn't whip us physically and I knew then that the two leagues were virtually equal. The public has been brainwashed. Some writers have bad-mouthed the AFL almost constantly and have influenced people who don't understand football. The Jets-Colts game was no upset. The players know that."

The Colts were no doubt wary of just such an occurrence. Shula worked them hard at their Boca Raton training camp before the game. One night during Super Bowl week Baltimore Halfback Tom Matte was talking to Dallas Flanker Lance Rentzel, who suggested it was unlikely the Jets could score against the

Colts. "Don't say that," said Matte. "The Jets have a much better team than you think they have. I'm not kidding I've seen the films. This is going to be a tough game."

It was even tougher than Matte had anticipated. Baltimore could have won it with a bit more accurate passing, but nobody can say the Jets did not deserve to win. That is an indication of how close the leagues are now—that you can go back in the Super Bowl and pick out a few plays that could have turned the game around and by doing so you are inventing alibis for the NFL rather than for the AFL. With Johnny Unitas, Jurgensen and Starr near the end of their careers—and Namath, Lamonica, Bob Griese and John Hadl among the AFL quarterbacks who are just entering the bloom of theirs—the AFL has now thoroughly established itself, at least until the owners' realignment meeting in March. If Jim Turner leads the AFL in scoring again next season they ought to hear about it even in Baltimore. **END**

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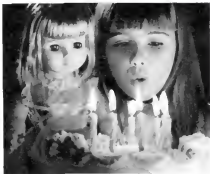
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GOODBY TO THREE YARDS AND A CLOUD OF DUST

Dust will be history—mud, too—in the brave new era of synthetic football fields. The day when a player wipes his feet before running onto the gridiron is coming faster than you think **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

Perhaps it was inevitable in this, the Synthetic Century. Perhaps we should have been prepared for it in an age when people quite readily embrace plastic wedding bouquets and electric campfires and spray-on suntans. Perhaps the realization should have struck long ago that the grassless gridiron, lush as a rug and flawless as a hotel lobby, is indeed the football field of our time. Yet it is still a shock to face it in stark reality and to hear the words spoken in all their harshness by football's men of honor. Such as Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State: "By 1973 nearly every major college will have artificial turf. They'll have to in order to survive." Or such as Bear Bryant of Alabama: "We have synthetic turf on our practice field. We'll have it in our stadium next season. And I don't see how others can avoid going to it." Or such as Oklahoma-coach-turned-White House-helper Bud Wilkinson: "Artificial fields are the fields of the future." Or even such as Mr. Commissioner himself, Pete Rozelle, who says: "In five to 10 years any problems about playing championship games in cold-weather towns will be resolved—we'll have artificial turf on all of our fields by then."

Yes, it is true. The synthetic surface has just begun a period of proliferation in big-league football. The defoliation of the gridiron is upon us, and things will never again be quite the same. No longer will there be grotesque wet afternoons when the game is performed in mud-clogged slow motion on an expanse of slime, for there will no longer be mud. Never again will the name of that grand old school of offense—Three Yards and a Cloud of Dust—return to popular usage, for there will never again be dust. Neither rain nor sleet nor snow, neither moles nor holes nor locusts need ever again seriously affect the playing surface of the game. Indeed, to a major extent, the natural conditions governing football will have passed from the hand of God into the rubber glove of the chemist.

Of course, so far synthetic seeds have been sown over rather meager acreage—there are no more than a dozen fields here and there around the country. But the major propagators of ersatz turf are two typically hardheaded American busi-

ness behemoths—the Monsanto Chemical Corp., which sells AstroTurf, and Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co., which is pushing Tartan Turf. And as fans of capitalism everywhere know, there is no better evidence that synthetic surfaces have come to stay than the fact that two profit-minded, no-nonsense, stockholder-beholden corporations have seen fit to invest several million dollars and some extremely high-octane salesmanship into marketing green gridiron acres of plastic bristles or furry nylon fuzz. If there weren't a rich market potential, neither Monsanto nor 3M would be so committed, and as Bert Cross, the chairman of the board of 3M, says, "I'm very bullish about it. I'd say the sky's the limit on artificial turf." (We-o-e-ll, even though 3M has successfully covered both horse tracks and running tracks, including those at the 1968 Olympics, with its Tartan surfaces, one would hope that the sky might somehow be kept clear of the stuff. Still, given all that good old American big business know-how, there is probably no guarantee of that, either.)

But lest one be utterly misled by Mr. Cross's optimism or by the profound enthusiasm of Duffy Daugherty and Bear Bryant and Pete Rozelle, let us make it clear that the synthetic football surface is not going to grace every patch of pasture on which the game is played. The price of the stuff is dear indeed, and for now it is beyond the range of all but

the very rich and very powerful—universities or professional teams or cities with municipal stadiums. The surfacing alone—either Monsanto's removable blanket of green bristles or 3M's permanent carpet of padded nylon nap—costs in the neighborhood of \$31.50 a square yard. When multiplied by the bowl-to-bowl acreage of a football stadium, that averages out to roughly \$200,000 per gridiron.

As to which is the best product among the brand names now being touted, we'll leave the buckering to the peddlers from 3M, Monsanto or whichever smaller firms may be lurking along the synthetic sidelines. The fact is that, no matter who owns the vats and boilers that mix the recipes, there are several apparent advantages intrinsic to any well-made artificial turf. Such surfaces do not get chewed up, pitted, scuffed, scarred or worn through to a hard dirt base. No matter how many raggedy high school games or thundering band parades or American Legion conventions or Billy Graham mass revival meetings may stamp and tramp across the turf, it simply doesn't do immediate damage to the uniformity of the surface. Unlike frail and precious blades of real grass, customarily guarded from any usage except for the big game, artificial grass lends itself to everything—and lots of it. In Seattle, which has AstroTurf in its municipal stadium, 100 games were played on the field this year without a

continued



TARTAN FIELD HAS A DEEP PILE SURFACE MORE LIKE A RUG THAN GRASS AND A HALF-INCH POLYMER SHOCK-ABSORBING MAT

SYNTHETIC FIELDS *continued*

sign of wear. At the University of Wisconsin, which installed Tartan Turf last year, the team practiced in the stadium proper, the band practiced there, and the soccer, Rugby and freshman football squads all played on the sacred acreage. In the past, even a gentle springtime ROTC review made Wisconsin's ground-keepers wince over the damage done to their perennially puny growth of grass. Indeed, what with all the pesticides, herbicides and fungicides required to keep the field green, Wisconsin officials figure to save \$20,000 a year in maintenance costs. (They can also salvage up to \$10,000 on laundry since the deep dirt stains of mud and grass are no longer present.)

Perhaps the most significant general contribution offered by synthetic surfacing is the improved use of land—par-

ticularly in thickly populated and astronomically expensive sections of cities. For example, in Madison the land around the University of Wisconsin is valued at roughly \$240,000 an acre. For years a five-acre section of it was earmarked for football practice fields. Now, with the advent of Tartan Turf in the stadium, the university is able to reoccupy nearly two acres (about \$450,000 worth) of the practice areas because the team can work out on the stadium Tartan itself much of the time. Thus there is sound common sense to the synthetic sales pitch that a couple of hundred thousand spent for a fake field that can be used again and again is a better investment than an attempt to maintain real sod for a minimal number of terribly special occasions—especially in urban areas where recreational land is at a ridiculous premium.

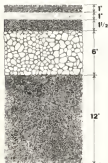
So facsimile grass seems to be an intelligent financial investment, but what does it do to the game of football? Apparently nothing very bad. The ball bounces quite true, the surface is properly resilient, the traction is superb (although the surface requires special shoes, which means buying a "bank" of shoes for visiting teams). Generally those who have played on it have kind words for the stuff. Ole Miss Coach Johnny Vaught, whose team took a 31-0 drubbing on Tennessee's newly installed Tartan Turf, said, "It must be the fastest field in the world. I'd like to have one." Minnesota's Murray Warmath said after playing at Wisconsin last fall, "The fact you don't hear a lot of complaints *proves* everyone likes it." And even Green Bay's Vince Lombardi, a purist through and through ("football is supposed to be played on *natural* turf"), sees it as a surface that offers an oddly

demanding measurement of a team's overall quality. "I think artificial turf tends to make a good athlete a little better and a poor athlete a little poorer—if you get my meaning—because the surface is even all over."

Of course, the stuff is not foolproof, nor does everyone who has played on it come up with instant and automatic endorsements. "You just can't cut as sharply as you can on real grass," says Wisconsin Fullback Mel Reddick. Mississippi's Tailback Steve Hindman says, "The traction was too good. You take off so much better that you find yourself pitching forward." And Billy Cannon, Oakland's vociferous tight end, said after playing in Houston's AstroDome: "Artificial turf is a joke. I can't understand why they'd build a beautiful stadium like that, then throw in a hard surface that has got to shorten the Oiler players' careers two and three years per man. It'd make a nice bowling alley. The only people who could possibly like it are polo players."

There were also complaints about skid burns and abrasions. There were protests about the problems of phony turf being slick when wet. There was some concern about the initial (if very brief) difficulty visiting teams have had in adjusting to falls on a surface that looks as hard and unyielding as a billiard table. And there were gripes about the intense heat the stuff absorbs from the sun.

For all the pros and cons about the synthetic gridiron, perhaps the single factor that everyone in football wants most to be assured about is how artificial turf affects the incidence of injuries. It has long been a wishful belief that the uniform surface and absence of cleat-catch-



CUTAWAY VIEW of Tartan installation reveals layers of asphaltic concrete, crushed rock and soil beneath cushioned playing surface.



ASTROTURF FEATURES GRASSLIKE TUFTS OF NYLON KNITTED TO A POLYESTER BACKING AND HAS FOAMED PLASTIC BENEATH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN TORO

ing grass will greatly reduce the crippling of knees and ankles. Early, although very incomplete, reports would seem fairly encouraging. Ivy Williamson, longtime athletic director at Wisconsin, says, "Without having precise figures to prove the point, we feel our Tartan Turf has done what it was supposed to do—cut down on knee and ankle injuries." Of course, 3M has had its product on the market for just one season, and it was installed only at Wisconsin and Tennessee at that. So there is scarcely enough statistical evidence to allow any compelling conclusions on Tartan Turf. Monsanto, which has had AstroTurf fields in use since 1964, has sur-

veyed 185 schools on their incidence of knee and ankle injuries over the years. On the average, Monsanto found, teams playing on real sod suffered 9.6 such injuries each year, while teams playing on AstroTurf reported an average of 1.6. Monsanto officials also reported that the University of Houston, which plays its home games on the synthetic sod of the Astrodome, had 11 knee injuries during the 1966-67 season—every one of them during road games played on natural grass.

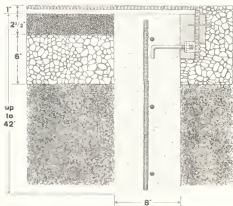
All this could be simply a set of convenient coincidences, and Vince Lombardi, for one, is not about to get all aroused over such statistics. Not just

yet. "They're way out of line to say it cuts down on injuries," snapped Vince. "Nobody has used it long enough to know one way or the other about that."

Nevertheless, sales predictions for 1969 from both Monsanto and 3M are bullish indeed. The best guess is that at least another two dozen major fields will lie resplendent beneath brilliant green rugs come next fall. Among the customers said to be lining up to buy one kind of carpet or another are Michigan State, Michigan, Ohio State, Iowa, Idaho State, Wayne State, Louisiana State, and such professional-municipal operations as Cincinnati, New Orleans and St. Louis, where it would also be used as a baseball field. Indeed, the St. Louis baseball Cardinals have already ordered AstroTurf for their spring training field. Pittsburgh's new stadium will definitely be equipped with artificial turf when it is christened for play in 1970. These are only the first, with dozens more certain to follow as products are improved and their use becomes more common.

Oh, yes, the synthetics will soon lie heavy upon the land—put down like A & P parking lots across the delicate, hallowed sod of a thousand fields. Though only last night it seemed inconceivable, the day is near when all of us will look back with fond nostalgia on those grand old autumns when mud, dust and root fungus were as indigenous to football as the goalpost, autumns when lounching substitutes could search for four-leaf clovers along the sidelines and lean-jawed quarterback threw blades of grass in the air to test the wind. Oh, yes, and we will yearn for those, the grand imperfect days when a man didn't have to wipe his feet before he ran out on the field.

ENO



ASTROTURF SUBSTRUCTURE is similar to asphalt-rock-sod layering but with an important difference at the field's edges, where the nylon surface is tucked down and anchored to wooden fittings that are bolted to a concrete footing. Tartan surface is bonded to the blacktop

◆ **Princess Irene** of Greece has just made her American debut as a concert pianist with the Seattle Symphony Orchestra, playing the *Bach Concerto in C Major*. Her reviews were excellent, and one trusts that the princess feels repaid for the sacrifice of an old hobby. She gave it up because, as she explains, "I can't afford to run my hands now." The hobby: demolishing bricks with karate chops.

The real this-is-it list of the 10 best-dressed women is always compiled by one Eleanor Lambert, a fashion publicist, and this year for the first time she has got up a no-kidding men's list as well. It names Prince Philip, Bill Blass; Patrick, Earl of Lachfield; George Hamilton; Baron Alexis de Rothschild; Cecil Beaton; Jean-Claude Kilty; Bernard Lamm; Hubert de Givenchy; Count Rodolfo Crespel and George D. Widener. The latter is identified as "an elderly Philadelphia

sports figure." The EPSF acknowledged his inclusion in the list with traditional Philadelphia bluntness. "How ridiculous," he said.

Former Vice-President Hubert Humphrey disclosed at a recent luncheon in New York that he had always played his brand of golf (terrible, by his own admission) in sneakers. One day former Governor **Thomas E. Dewey**, shocked into remembrance by the sight of the plebeian Humphrey footwear, told the then vice-president that no official in his position should be seen fitted out in such a fashion on the golf course. Humphrey told Dewey that golf shoes for a game like his would be an extravagance and a waste. Dewey told Humphrey that he was the only Democrat of his acquaintance capable of using such words. Dewey subsequently went out and bought him a pair of golf shoes. Humphrey concluded by reporting that he plays in the shoes to this very day, and that they are still "the only Republican contribution I can think of which makes me feel comfortable."

Randy Matson has entered the professional world, turning down offers from one football team and two basketball teams to join the brokerage firm of Paine, Webber, Jackson and Curtis. He would have fared better in any of the first three spots than he does in the fourth. Randy, 6' 6½", says mournfully of his new job, "My knees keep hitting the desk."

Suggestions have been pouring in to Pennsylvania's Governor Shafar as to what to do with the live buffalo he won from Kansas Governor Docking in an Orange Bowl bet. It was proposed, for example, that Shafar present it to the bride of one of his cabinet members as a wed-



ding present. This idea was discarded when Pennsylvania State Senator **John T. Van Sant** observed, "Show me a home where the buffalo roam, and I'll show you a dirty house."

◆ **Still-artful Dodge Pea Wee Reese**, waiting on tables at a cynic fibrosis dinner party in Louisville, served 12 people and said with satisfaction, "I didn't boot a one." Reese flawlessly handled a number of chances with plates, cups, saucers and cocktail glasses but admits that, overconfident, he nearly got tagged by a swinging door. "Since we were not accomplished waiters, the dishes were placed on the trays and we were told to back out the door. I went sideways once and almost got caught."

Announcement has just been made of the 1968 Peanut Butter All-Professional Football Team Members and their preferred peanut-butter dishes are as follows: quarterback, **Greg Landry**, pb with jelly or marshmallows; back, **Oscar Reed**, pb with jam or lunch meat; back, **Mike McGill**, pb with veal cutlet or stuffed cabbage; back, **Mike Freeman**, pb with jam and butter; end, **Bill Staley**, pb with grape jelly; end, **Claude**

Humphrey, pb with sliced pineapple, guard, **George Daney**, pb with mashed potatoes or fried mushrooms; guard, **John Williams**, pb with lunch meat, center, **Forrest Blue**, pb with strawberry preserves, cucumber pickles or corn chips; tackle, **Ron Yary**, pb with jam on toast and tackle **Dennis Byrd**. Dennis Byrd takes his pb straight.

During a press conference at Miami Beach, Coach **Wend Ewbank** was discussing the way fans will always call for backup quarterbacks during moments of crisis and after the game not even remember their names. "For instance," Ewbank demanded, "who can remember the fellow who played behind **Otto Graham**?" A tall, blond man raised his hand. "I can," he said modestly. It was George Ratterman, the fellow who played behind Otto Graham.

A standout in one respect among the kids at a children's fish pond at the San Francisco Sports & Boat Show, **Rick Barry** was certainly a waif in another. An attendant handed him a worm to bait his hook. Barry backed off. "Aaagh," he said. "You put it on. I can't stand 'em."





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To the Super Bowl with a flying country club

It may take a little longer to get there on a comfortable old DC-7 but, for \$139, who can resist a weekend at the Super Bowl that includes the beaches and casinos of Grand Bahama and plenty of fun in midair?

Eddie Reck, a Central Connecticut State College student with a red mustache, paused a moment on the bank of the snake-infested canal that separated him from Miami International Airport and then plunged in. He had walked all the way from the Orange Bowl, and he was afraid that if he walked around the canal he would miss the homeward flight of the Grand Bahama-Super Bowl junket of the Society of Sky Roamers, Ltd., otherwise known as the Country Club of the Sky.

So he provided one of the high points of the trip—which cost only \$139 for the slow but eventful round-trip flight, two nights in a good Bahamian hotel, three meals, four cab rides, baggage handling and a ticket to the upset of the year. But when Reck jogged into the airport, soaked and shoeless (since his luggage had already been loaded, he was still barefoot seven hours later when he stepped out into frigid New York), he had time for only a few minutes of prime Sky Roamer notoriety before—there he was, trotting exultantly into Concourse 1! Cocky little grass-stained No. 24—Johnny S. . . .

No, on closer inspection it wasn't Johnny Sample, it was another Sky Roamer—George Attard of Staten Island in New York, who had somehow talked his way into the Jets' dressing room after the game, had somehow become the intended but overthrown receiver of a roll of tape from Joe Namath himself and, finally, had somehow managed to make off with Johnny Sample's game jersey, which he wore most of the way back to New York.

"It is things like this," said IBM Engineer Bob Kusisto of Kingston, N.Y., who was once left behind in Freeport when he was a few minutes late for a Sky Roamer return but who remains an enthusiastic member, "that make Sky Roamer trips what they are."

Not that spectacular behavior is a requisite for membership. The club, says its management, is open to anyone who doesn't appear obnoxious in the obligatory personal interview. It includes doctors, lawyers, cops, working girls, laborers, entrepreneurs, union officials, Jews, Wasps, Catholics, a few Negroes and parent-accompanied children. During the Jan. 10-12 expedition, there were those who did nothing more unusual all weekend than sit through the Super Bowl holding a wicker bag filled with five different exotic liqueurs. The group included more or less swinging singles—old ones and young ones—looking for relaxation or for romance, or bringing romance along, and also couples who see Sky Roamership as a way to travel and meet nice people now that their children are grown. There were fathers taking their sons down for the football game who decided that for \$14 apiece extra (two other Sky Roamer planes went straight to Miami for the weekend at only \$125) they might as well stop by the Bahamas. There was one man—one of several nonmembers who were accepted on this trip at \$25 extra—who looked to the Sky Roamers not for economy or for adventure but for security. "Number one," he said, "I don't trust the Communists, number two, I don't trust the Cubans, and I don't trust airplanes in the first place. But I figure nobody is going to hijack a DC-7, these days."

The Sky Roamers own three DC-7s, which cost them only about \$370,000 in all. The club, and eight or 10 others like it around the country, became possible when these still-serviceable prop planes, each of which cost around \$2 million new, were phased out by commercial airlines after the advent of the jet carrier.

On Super Bowl weekend, the three planes held 280 junketeers who, during the four-hour flight south, drank 102

bottles of liquor, mostly quarts. On the Bahama flight, at least, they also sang "Ninety-nine Bottles of Beer on the Wall," milled convulsively up and down the aisles, sat on each other's armrests, dropped into the cabin every now and then to chat with the pilots and the flight engineer, and broke into general cheering when the wheels touched the West End landing strip. At least seven marriages and one divorce have grown out of these trips. "This is what you don't get on a commercial flight," notes one member. "The fellowship."

After cabs took the travelers to the Grand Bahama Hotel and Country Club Friday night, they were on their own—except for a Saturday-night cocktail party—to swim, lounge on the beach or around the pool (which had piped-in island music and a bar and was more popular), sail, ride horses, stand in the Caribbean looking down at the fish or ride into Freeport for the gambling. On Sunday morning they bundled back into the plane, and just as the pregame ceremonies began they reached their seats (good ones) in the Orange Bowl. There they rejoined members of the Miami contingent, who were complaining of terrible hotel accommodations—not too surprising, perhaps, considering the scarcity of rooms in Miami that weekend, but highly unusual, by all accounts, on Sky Roamer trips. After the game everyone found his own way by land, canal or dressing room—back to the airport.

The club's first trip, in Jan. 1967, was to Freeport, and weekend trips to the Bahamas and other islands or beach resorts have become the club's specialty. But last year's 34 trips also included six days and five nights in Mexico City for \$169, four days and three nights in Haiti for \$159 and visits to San Francisco-Honolulu-Las Vegas, Quebec, the Grand Canyon and Madrid-Lisbon. The airfare

continued

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The Bombay Blazer is available in a choice of 18 new spring colors. The fabric is a lightweight blend of "Dacron" polyester and wool in a distinctive basketweave that tosses off wrinkles. Gives with every movement, then springs back in

shape. It keeps neat, you keep cool. Hart Schaffner & Marx meticulously tailors the Bombay Blazer in trim, young lines.

Shown here perfectly paired with color-blended slacks, plain and patterned. Plus color-coordinated shirts and ties. Single-breasted blazer, about \$75. Double-breasted, about \$79.95. Choose your color at your HS&M dealer's. Not sure of his address? Write now for the location nearest you.



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Bob Hope's Favorite Foursomes



Proceeds from the
Bob Hope Desert Classic
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The Desert Classic foursome: Hart Schaffner & Marx Slacks; color-blended Gleneagles Golf jackets and hats; Hathaway sport shirts.



Now golfers who like to play with the best can dress with the best in Bob Hope's Favorite Foursomes—a complete wardrobe for golfing and leisure wear.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Desert Classic Slacks: Action-loving, comfort-tailored. A cool-weight blend of Fortrel® Celanese® polyester and wool, woven by Stevens Greer. Sheds wrinkles, keeps a press. In 18 Fairway colors, plains and pinchecks. \$27.50.



Gleneagles Desert Classic Golf Jackets: Imported polyester and cotton fabric by Nino. Rain and stain repellent. 100% machine washable. 18 Fairway Colors. \$25.00.



Gleneagles Golf Hats: Same fabric and colors as above. With nylon liner to guard shape. \$7.00.

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portion of the Madrid-Lisbon package (you can sign on for only the flight if you prefer) cost \$198. Comparable air line tourist fare would have been \$483.55. This year trips are planned for Curaçao, Barbados, Mexico City-Taxco-Acapulco, Lake Louise, Copenhagen-Ireland and, quite simply, Around the World (a 30-day trip in the fall, itinerary yet to be determined). Membership costs \$155, and annual dues are \$80. You can take as few or as many trips as you like.

Sky Roamers, Ltd. was conceived when Jack Plumly, the club's president and one of its copilots, sat down beside a girl in a bikini on the beach in Acapulco in the summer of 1966. At some point in their conversation the girl revealed that she was there as a member of the Emerald Shillelagh Chowder & Marching Society of Washington, D.C.—the first of the plane-owning clubs and still among the most prominent.

Plumly had made his way to that encounter through 19 years of experience in aviation. He had learned to fly as a boy of 17 in Beaumont, Texas, had flown Army transport planes during the Korean conflict, started a flying school, sold airplanes, piloted a Louisiana state senator's private plane and hauled lobsters out of a Mexican fishing village.

That last venture had just folded—the villagers, he recalls, "made enough money to live on for 10 years, so they all quit and got drunk," and one of the scuba divers he then imported "turned up mysteriously dead"—when the girl told him about the Shillelaghs. That sounded better than flying shellfish, so, on learning that there was no such club in New York, Plumly went there, bought an Eastern Air Lines plane for around \$150,000 and hired Jim Shaw, an energetic New York sky diver and aviation insurance man, to be vice-president and tour leader. Soon thereafter Gail Cuddihy joined the staff as chief stewardess and club secretary.

The first jaunt to Freeport earned only 36 passengers, and there weren't enough Sky Roamers to fill the plane until the following Thanksgiving. Now there are 1,500 members in the New York area, a 500-member branch in Boston and in Detroit 1,000 former Voyagers-Detroits, whose membership the Sky Roamers took over recently. Last summer they bought their second plane, from Saturn Airways, for \$160,000. They bought the

third plane in November for only \$59,000. "Prices are going down," says Plumly. "There are DC-3s still flying that are 30 years old, and planes don't depreciate very rapidly, but most of these DC-7s, only eight or nine years old, will be scrapped. We think we now have the world's second-largest fleet of them."

Some members of the club take a certain pride in owning a share in an airplane, but they have neither interest in nor liability for the business. Sky Roamers refers to itself as a no-stock, non-profit corporation. It can't declare a dividend, and any surplus is to be distributed in the form of cheaper rates or club cocktail parties. The original investment was put up by Plumly and a friend and is still outstanding in the form of a loan. The club is now breaking even on a day-to-day basis, according to Shaw, and is applying to the Internal Revenue Service for nonprofit status. Members determine its policies to the extent of voting for the places they want to go.

Sky Roamer captains, crews and mechanics are moonlighting airlines people. The airlines don't mind, says Miss Cuddihy, so long as the stewardesses aren't paid. They get the package free and \$10 per diem. At one point in the Bahamas flight, a Sky Roamer handed a stewardess half of his seat belt, which had come off. "Isn't it attached to anything?" she asked, holding both ends of it in her hands. And one of the three planes had, as even commercial airlines often do, mechanical difficulties when time came to leave Miami, contributing to a three-hour delay that caused a great deal of understandable grouching (if the club were any more democratic there might have been a coup), and forcing the management to pay the fares of that plane's passengers back to New York on commercial flights. But the planes are duly maintained at the Marine Air Terminal and inspected regularly by the Federal Aviation Administration. And as of Feb. 1 they will be governed by regulations similar to those for commercial airlines. This will mean no more passengers in the cockpit, unfortunately. It also means that the club must demonstrate to an FAA inspector that it can evacuate a full plane in two minutes. That will be accomplished some time this month, when 104 members will assemble for an evacuation party, followed by cocktails. And who knows what else.

END

A new Mr. Bones has a winner

Jumper than a minstrel and man, St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca is the exact opposite of his team, which plays a cool and collected game

Lou Carnesecca has a face that was not so much molded as anvilred. Everything there is sharp and craggy, much like the Apennine cliffs of Tuscany, from which his people came. Sober and often frowning, the face was marked in youth by too much dirt in street games, too much spaghetti sauce at dinner, but it can light up—*parano!*—very easily, too. Well weathered at 44, Carnesecca is a product of New York City sidewalks, and he has seen both sides of the coin.

Way back he sliced the cold cuts and cheese in papa's East Side delicatessen before sneaking out to play stoopball under the 9th Street bridge, basketball up the block, and steal the flag, jump the hydrant and dodge the car any where he could. The area recreation was Buck Jones at the movies, Joe D.—The Clipper—at Yankee Stadium and the I-Ties beating up the Macks from two blocks away. There was stickball sewer-to-sewer and, when there was money, three-cent jelly apples and sweet potatoes sold by the vendor on the corner.

In the wintertime all hands would fill Madison Square Garden to watch the legendary teams of Clair Bee of Long Island University and Joe Lapchick of St. John's run out the competition. And it was then and there that little Lou Carnesecca found his own way. Coaching, thought Carnesecca, The old man wants me to be a doctor or a lawyer or play the accordion, but I want to coach. Just like Lapchick. Yeah, just like Joe Lapchick of St. John's.

Last Saturday, still dodging, still moving. Lou Carnesecca had the Redmen of St. John's running out the competition again. After a 91-62 victory over West Virginia, his team had a record of 12-2; it was the reigning class of the East and, at the mid-point of the season, surely one of the year's biggest surprises.

Storied and impressive as the basket-

ball tradition is at the Long Island school, it is something of a paradox, also. Against what, yearly, is one of the toughest schedules in the land, St. John's wins with players recruited solely from metropolitan New York. Normally, they are men who are overlooked by the bird-dog scouting systems of larger schools in the Atlantic Coast, Missouri Valley and Big Ten regions. And all St. John's has done over the years is compile a winning percentage of .710 (third only to Kentucky and Western Kentucky) and rank fourth in total victories behind those schools—Kentucky, Kansas and Oregon State—whose arguments recently about the status of games played in 1776 against pygmies from the YWCA have made a silly fiasco of their race for the magic 1,000th victory. Meanwhile, if a St. John's team fails to win 15 games or earn a postseason tournament invitation, the season is a failure and a Vincentian father might as well go throw himself on a subway track.



WITH A HUGE LEAD, CARNESECCA IS OYING

In the past three seasons, since he took over from Lapchick, Carnesecca has won 60 games with a collection of men who are throwbacks to the days when St. John's was the melting pot of the sport, when rosters read like the roll call in an Army barracks and the nationality of the school's stars mirrored the times: the Jewish mainstays on the Wonder Five of the late 20s, Albie Shuckman and Rip Gerson; the Irish back-court men of the late 40s, the McGuire boys, Dick and Al, and Jack McMahon, who led the 1952 team to the NCAA finals; and finally in 1958 a Negro named Tony Jackson who began the "Jacksonian Era," a period that divined the domination of the black man and has an obvious sequel today in the persons of four black starters.

Still, the Jewish tradition is not so neglected as to prevent a publication, *American Jewish Life*, from naming a Catholic Redman, Albie Swartz, to its Jewish All-America team two years ago. Even losing teams at St. John's have their moments; Donnie Burks, the captain (in 1963) of the school's worst team, is now one of the featured stars of Broadway's *Hair*.

"A kid who comes here plays against a lot of history," says Carnesecca. Experience gained from a tough schedule and, as it turns out, an inordinate number of close games (last year St. John's won 11 of 16 contests by five or fewer points) is partly responsible for the Redmen's astounding performance of New Year's week when, in successive games, they played the three top-rated teams in America and beat two of them.

"I have to believe we needed some luck to do that," the coach says of St. John's victories over North Carolina and Davidson. Yet it is evident that in important games the Redmen produce; against UNC they made 15 of 20 shots in the second half, and against Davidson on its court they shot 62% overall and came from five points down with 49 seconds left to win by one in overtime.

On defense, Carnesecca's teams always have been parsimonious and sticky; offensively, this year's Redmen have more impact because of the rapid development of the players' individual abilities. With John Warren and Joe DePre, St. John's has two excellent swingmen who work equally well "at both ends." Warren has guarded the opposition's top scorer for three years, attesting to his own defen-

sive skills, while DePre is an inventive and sometimes spectacular one-on-one player who has sacrificed his scoring potential to team play. "I think that's coaching," DePre says. "That's what makes us go. We're all one-on-one schoolyard types, and he has forced us to play together."

Carnesecca plays Ralph Abraham, a solid rebounder, in the corner and alternates senior Dan Cornelius and sophomore Bill Paulitz in the pivot. Jim Smyth, another who can swing, is a valuable relief man who may be the team's best shooter, practically singlehanded he held off North Carolina with nine points when, first, Warren sat down with four fouls, and then Carmine Calzone fouled out of that Holiday Festival game. But nobody goes anywhere without Italian leadership—Carnesecca screaming from the bench, Calzone, the left-handed vagabond, guiding from backcourt.

The fact that the Redmen were high school cohorts of many of the more publicized individuals they go up against must account for some of their success. "We're probably more cocky than they are," says Calzone, a loquacious sort who hitchhiked through Europe this past summer. "Warren and DePre are just as good as the big names we play, and the big names know it. It's great to show them that maybe they should have stayed home instead of going away to school."

Playing against guys like Mike Malloy [of Davidson] and Alcindor relaxes us," says Abraham. "You know, we rap with them beforehand. Then it's like a playground game."

Sometimes Carnesecca, a tense, constantly fidgeting and thoroughly entertaining man, tends to sheer naiveté in his recognition of the new morality in athletics. He is actually shocked when he is told of "outlaw schools," puzzled at reports that a player is "undermining" his coach ("Only the alumni are supposed to do that," he says) and bewildered when one of his own men calls foul shooting "a psychological love-hate relationship." But he still has the best line on Lew Alcindor ("A lot of them can score. This guy scores when he doesn't shoot") and he is St. John's most colorful attraction.

Since Bones McKinney departed Wake Forest, in fact, there is no one around who can approach Carnesecca's act on the bench. He runs and jumps, slides and skids, shouts and kicks, kneels



TEAM PLAYER RALPH ABRAHAM DRIVES IN AGAINST WEST VIRGINIA FOR RARE SCORE

and jabs the air, falls backward, waves his arms, tears his pants, punches his assistants, stomps his feet and beats his head, all contributing to a performance that induces great cries of "hot dog" from the crowd. In fact, Carnesecca is no hot dog. He is merely that kind of man who is always going to resemble a puppet gone berserk on his strings. In a game last season he jumped atop his own bench and ran the length to peer at a play. At Davidson he kicked himself in the ankle and limped for a week. And at Virginia a few days ago he gave a virtuoso imitation of Groucho Marx with a magnificent shuffle duck walk to the water cooler and back after a St. John's transgression.

"I'm involved," says Carnesecca. "I know I'm a madman, but I'm in a different world during a game. The players say I do those things and I say they're

crazy. If I ever saw myself on a replay, I'd probably be shellshocked. But I seldom berate officials and I never swear at them. I'm yelling at my kids. That's just me. If I sat there with my arms folded, it would be pure purgatory."

"Lou blocked me out on the bench the other night," says Assistant Coach John Kresse, "and he really gave me a shot. It's murder to sit next to him."

"I'm supposed to get signals coming up court but a lot of times I can't find him," says Calzone. "He's falling down or running around somewhere."

"His move at Virginia was the funniest thing I've ever seen in my life," says DePre.

"Am I really worse than Bones?" asks Lou Carnesecca, the New York street guy, still dodging, still moving. "My God. Now there was a real wild man."

END



The sedentary skipper shown here is one of a new breed of landbound sailors who steer their boats and trim sheets by remote control as

Racing begins for mini Mosbachers

Just like" is the wistful phrase most often used by a new breed of racing sailor—a breed whose number is growing fast on yacht-club floats and docks all over the country. "Look at her round that mark!" one of these sailors will cry in a state of high excitement. "Just like *Intrepid*!" "I'm going to try a spade rudder," another will tell you, "just like those on the Cal 40s." Or another may come up with a sad tale: "When she got rammed and I watched her sink, I tell you it was just like seeing a real boat go down."

These enthusiastic smile makers do their actual sailing by remote control with the aid of small hand-held radio transmitters and lots of body english. The transmitters send electronic impulses to receivers aboard model boats to control rudders, sheets and—if need be—other navigational machinery. The sailboats, relatively tiny craft for the most part, are perfect miniatures of racing 12-meters built to a scale of one inch to the foot. They may strike some as merely expensive toys, but their skippers sail them in competition with all the determination of a Jock Sturrock seeking to wrest the America's Cup away from Bus Mosbacher.

The writhing and moaning that accompany the radio transmissions seem as important a part of this new kind of helmsmanship as the firm control of sheet and tiller and often as doomed to failure. Despite the tortuous efforts of its skipper to avoid collision in race after race, one miniature Twelve at California's Newport Harbor Yacht Club rammed other competitors so often that outraged club members insisted she wear a tennis ball on her bow as a kind of bumper.

Although there are many similar groups—almost equally ardent—in Kansas, on Long Island's North Shore, in England and many other places, one of the most enthusiastic model sailing fleets has its headquarters at the Newport Harbor club. Known as the RC (for remote control) Club, it is a curious organization that exists without dues, flag officers, by-laws or even any home except the Yacht Club float.

Even the racing schedule at Newport Harbor is somewhat vague and dependent on the whim of the competitors. Every now and then—no one knows precisely how often—the club decides to hold a really big regatta, sail free of the

float and race around Lido Island. To a real sailboat the six-mile round trip would be nothing, but to a boat only 72 inches long it is global in scope. For this reason the event is generally broken up into six separate races to give the competing skippers time to catch up with the fleet and to wet their whistles in the process. "I wouldn't want anyone to get the idea that these races are just an excuse for drinking," says Swede Johnson, a blue-water sailor and sailmaker who seems to find as much fun in little boats as in big ones, "but in the Lido Island race we do find it necessary to make pit stops at nearly every bar."

For the most part, the RC holds its contests over less strenuous courses laid out in the harbor. "We try to keep the courses down to about 100 yards," says Lyman Farwell, the manager of a local marina-apartment complex who builds his own racers on uniform hulls produced by a California plastics company. "Most of the time we have a straight windward-leeward course, though every now and then we send them around a triangle so as to get in a reach. Whatever happens we do our best to sit at about the middle of the course so we're close enough to follow the boats at each mark."

To start each race with complete fairness, a tape recording calls out a count-down second by second to the gun while a movie camera covers the line in case anyone should cross over early.

Remote-control sailing poses a number of problems unknown to seaborne skippers. It requires the same knowledge of racing tactics plus a whole new set of skills. For one, there is a time lag in the steering, a noticeable lapse between the time the tiller is moved and the time the rudder responds. For another, sheet trimming is very critical. "Pull your jib in too tight," says Johnson, "and you'll surely kill the boat."

Most difficult of all is judging distances when the boat is in one place and the skipper in another. "Being in the lead poses a lot of problems," explains Farwell. "If you tack too soon, you don't make the mark. Tack too late, you overstand and the boats behind profit by your mistake."

The RC group keeps its racing rules "just like" those used in big boat races insofar as it is possible. There are a couple of important exceptions due to the

nature of the game. Hitting a mark, which provides grounds for quick disqualification under IYRU laws, means nothing to the RC boats so long as they pass on the correct side. In grown-up racing, a skipper who conks a rival boat with the right of way is out. Not in the RC division, where the only penalty is an immediate 360° turnabout.

Molded of fiber glass "just like" production boats, the little Twelves weigh about 35 pounds, of which a large proportion, about 70%, is lead keel that fits down inside the hull underneath the radio receiver. They carry an average of 1,775 square inches of Dacron sail, and in an eight to 10 knot breeze the model Twelve will fly along at speeds far in excess of her maximum theoretical hull speed.

The man responsible for their basic lines, Naval Architect Gene Wells, adapted the little boats from the highly satisfactory Twelves *Vim* and *Gleam*. However, he gave them proportionately wider beams for additional stability and

made other minor changes to enable them to stand up in breezes that are not scaled down. Boats built to Wells's basic design now number more than 120. "We used to know where they all were but now there are so many we've lost track," says Farwell.

When not racing, the Newport skippers simply mess around with their boats. Some send them in pursuit of the ducks that paddle about the waterfront. "You should see those birds when they look over their shoulders and see a sailboat chasing them," says Farwell.

The radio hookups offer the sailors their greatest avenue of experimentation. These electronic mariners fiddle with gear ratios to improve steering sensitivity and to provide more or less power for trimming sheets. Their jargon is a jumble of sailing and radio terms. They talk of servos, proportional control, sail draft, reed sets and megacycles with confusing familiarity. With several channels to control different functions on the boat, the skippers theoretically could even set

spinnakers but don't. "By the time we got one rigged and up," points out Farwell, "the boat would be out of sight."

In sailing by remote control Swede Johnson, winner of more than his share of prizes aboard his 20-foot Cal 20, believes a skipper gets a more objective view of what forces are involved in sailing. Because the skipper is more detached, Johnson says, he appreciates just how fluky wind really can be, how it varies from second to second.

There are, of course, other benefits. In the time it takes to unwind a big boat turnbuckle or bend a dinghy's sail, a model Twelve's mast can be unstepped, the sails stowed, the hull cradled, the car door slammed and the top pulled off a cold one. And the whole package costs around \$500. Moreover, rarely do the participants in a race sit around hashing over a protest. "We sit there on the dock," explains Swede benignly, "with the tiller in one hand and a beer in the other, and when there's a protest we simply settle it then and there." **AND**

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Danger as a way of joy

A professor of medicine at Illinois proposes the intriguing theory that high-risk sport can trigger a unique level of elation in humans

His office is simple, furnished in varnished-yellow "school wood." The view out the window is of a musty corner of the congested medical center on Chicago's West Side. Down the street, back in the days before World War I, the Chicago Cubs once had a ball park. But here in a second-floor laboratory in Cook County Hospital is developing one of the more intriguing theories about sports and their effect on man.

The theory is this: that there is a specific and perhaps even chemical reason why people who engage in risk-action

sports—mountain climbing, sky diving, automobile racing, fox hunting, to name only a few—experience unusual exhilaration as a result of their participation. If this should be true, and if the "chemical reason" can be isolated, medical science may have new instruments with which to combat a variety of problems, from those of aging to mental depression.

The possibility of such a chemical exerting is advanced by Dr. Sol Roy Rosenthal, professor of preventive medicine at the University of Illinois College of Medicine and medical director of the

Research Foundation, a prestigious private research group in Chicago. Dr. Rosenthal went about his theorizing in the classic manner: from subjective observation to objective investigation. He is a horseman and a fox hunter—at the age of 65 he still goes fox hunting three times a week, in season. Long ago he noticed that he and his fellow riders on the Oak Brook Hunt were remarkably animated in body and spirit when the hunt was finished. "This was in contrast to, say, playing tennis," Dr. Rosenthal says. "After a game like tennis you can feel pleased, satisfied. But, essentially, you are tired out—all you really want to do is sit down and relax. Perhaps have a drink. But after a 'risk-exercise,' such as fox hunting, you feel immensely exhilarated, even euphoric. You feel as if you can do anything."

Over the years the doctor has published 205 scientific papers—the bound copies of his work run to six volumes—and has led some distinguished basic research projects. Until recently, however, he did little about his risk-exercise ideas except to keep notes of people commenting on the subject. There were Bobby Kennedy's quotes about his "great exhilaration" after climbing Mt. Kennedy. There were the comments made by George Sherman, an insurance company executive and past chairman of the U.S. Polo Association, that "there is no question after I've played polo I get a feeling of well-being that I get with no other sport." There was the more esthetic response of an American bullfighter in Spain, who said the fight "gives me great confidence in myself and my abilities to overcome problems. . . . I find that I have a great incentive to paint—I have a marvelous feeling of well-being that enhances all sensual experience."

Eventually, Dr. Rosenthal began to consider who was most likely to share this kind of experience and to what degree, and he drew some conclusions about various groups.

- The experience of the creative person. Such individuals, he has decided, are much exhilarated by their work, "but there is always a conscious or subconscious tension accompanying these activities. The creative person experiences buoyant feelings, but these are mixed with doubts and uncertainties." The euphoria that comes with risk-exercise is pure, he believes, unencumbered by any degree of doubt or fear.



DR. ROSENTHAL, AN AVID FOX HUNTER, GETS HIS HIGH-RISK KICKS ON HORSEBACK

"It is deep, mellow, comforting, free."
 • The experience of the person taking part in nonrisk sports, such as golf, tennis, hiking and so on. "These sports are certainly beneficial to the body and perhaps to the spirit," he says. "But they do not give you the high lift of risk-exercise."

The source of the high lift from risk-exercises is in the culture of man, Rosenthal suspects. He believes it stems from the earliest days when man took part in very intense risk-action in order to provide food and security for himself and his family. As he developed more skills in these pursuits, he also developed less need for the skills, until now there is "less and less personal risk and less and less physical exertion."

The need for risk, Dr. Rosenthal conjectures, is still present, but it is no longer appropriate to indulge in the violence of the past to satisfy that need. So the "civilized" individual finds his outlet in high-risk sports and, he suggests, it is perhaps a measure of the conflicts within society and within the individual that these sports have attracted an enormous number of participants in the last few years. He thinks he knows the reason. "The whole thesis of risk-exercise," says Dr. Rosenthal, "is that calculated risks, on a physical and mental basis, are necessary for our daily well-being."

In support of this thesis, he cites the experience of the novice in risk sports. Such a person rarely, if ever, achieves the extremely high spirits of risk-exercise. More often, he is petrified. To know the euphoria of risk-exercise, the individual must be taking risks within his own competence. "He must be well-trained in the sport so that the risk is a calculated one, not a foolhardy one," the doctor says. The degree of buoyancy varies with the competence of the individual and with the difficulty of the sport. The most difficult and dangerous sports tend to arouse the highest spirits. Mountain climbing is likely to inspire a greater excitement in the same individual than water-skiing, assuming that the subject has the same degree of "confidence of calculation" in both sports.

But that does not mean that the less exotic risk-exercises (those within the competence of most individuals) do not offer a sense of lifted spirits. "Swimming is a risk-exercise with me," says Dr. Rosenthal. He goes swimming in a pool at

least twice a week, though he admits to having a fear of water. "The reason is that I almost drowned once while swimming in a lake, and I was an adult at the time." So he gets a certain glow of well-being and mild exhilaration after swimming. But it does not compare with his euphoric feeling after fox hunting. "That feeling, characteristic of many of the most demanding risk-exercises, is so intense that you almost feel hooked," he says. "It is like being addicted; you feel you must go back and know it again."

Some months ago Dr. Rosenthal decided to expand his inquiries. He drew up a questionnaire exploring the reactions to risk-exercise and sent it to people, clubs and publications involved in a wide variety of participation sports. By the end of 1968 he had 98 replies from all over the world, including a famous American artist in the Southwest, a brigadier in Britain, the bullfighter in Spain, some horsemen in Calgary and an automobile racer. The people who responded took part in 33 sports, and their comments supported Dr. Rosenthal's observations. All but 16 said they felt physically invigorated after risk-exercise; only one expressed a physical indifference. Their mental and emotional response was just as pronounced. Sixty-seven expressed an "elated" feeling and eight said that they were in a "euphoric state" after risk-exercise. This pretty much coincided with their estimate of their own proficiency. 68 of them regarded themselves as "above average to expert" in their sports.

Dr. Rosenthal feels that this was a sound first step in an investigation of what he now calls "RE effect," though he would like to get several hundred more case histories. The next step would be a medical research program, complete with controls, to find the elusive chemical responsible for the RE effect, if indeed such a chemical exists and can be isolated.

"I think we have enough evidence now to say that this exhilaration process does exist and that it exists specifically in reaction to risk-exercise," says Dr. Rosenthal. "It is important for medical scientists to find out what this mechanism is. And it is important for the individual to realize that risk-exercise offers him an opportunity to experience a sensation that is at the far horizon of human elation."

END

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

HIGHLIGHTS AT BUSINESS WEEK



SHOE-IN.

Recently, a 12th grade business and economics class in a secondary school in Ontario elected to have a Shoe-In. The entire class was going to shine shoes until it raised enough money for a magazine subscription. And guess what magazine.

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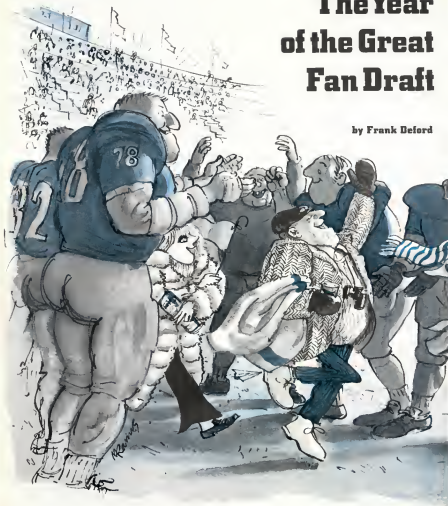
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The Year of the Great Fan Draft

by Frank Deford



Never had professional football faced such a crisis. Season ticket holders were getting dangerously old, and young fans were not willing to leave the zoom lens and instant replay for the discomforts of real life in a stadium

I was in the spring, just after the last regularly scheduled Thursday matinee TV game-of-the-week and right before the ballyhoo began for the mad-summer two-night intrasquad rookie games, when the situation was initially called to the attention of the commissioner. At first, of course, he was loth to accept the figures, but after carefully reexamining them and consulting with Joe Kuharich, he knew he could no longer question the obvious conclusions

"The second generation," the commissioner said, whirling in his swivel chair. "Who would have thought? It snuck up on us. It seems like just yesterday . . ."

"I know," the network man said, lapsing into a bit of reverie himself. "Why I can still remember so clearly the day the Colts came into the NFL. It was Channel 2, fuzzy at first, then a little trouble with the horizontal, then just so clear. What a day. And, oh, the time

we laid the coaxial cable into Green Bay and brought the first Turkey Day classic from Detroit. What this generation has gone through with us! What golden memories."

"You don't forget people like that easily," the commissioner said, brushing a small tear away. "What a generation it has been."

"What a generation," the network man repeated. Then he took a step toward the commissioner and placed a hand firmly on his shoulder. "I want you to know that we all understand that this sort of thing is hardest for you."

"The buck stops here," the commissioner said stoutly, rapping the Kwanis Club Man-of-the-Year goalposts that were on his desk. "I know, though, that someone always gets stuck with the tough jobs. But then, let's face it. This sort of thing, and having lunch with you five times a week to work up the schedules—well, that's why they pay me \$725,000 a year."

"Not to drag myself into it," the network man said, unconsciously grasping the commissioner's shoulder a little harder, "but this is somewhat reminiscent of my position last year, *vis-à-vis* the time we decided to televise the Wednesday morning early bird games. I was the guy who had to make the announcement that we were knocking the Spanish lessons and the *Pastor's Study* right out of the television box. And this was Lent, you will remember, which made a helluva additional nose. Somebody had to tell the preacher that the 6:30 interdenominational devotionals were kaput, and I was the fella. So I know what's weighing on your mind . . . and your heart."

"Thank you," the commissioner said, swirling his chair in a casual manner that successfully removed him from the painful shoulder grip, "you're a warm and savvy guy. But enough reminiscing."

continued



We have to face the present, as hard as it is. Who would have thought the NFL ever would have a fan crisis?"

"It caught us all by surprise."

"Well, I think we're doing something about it in time, so come on, let's go to the meeting now."

The network man was still lost in his thoughts as he and the commissioner moved down the hall to the conference room. Suddenly, the commissioner tensed. There in the dim half-light of the hall he could make out the gaunt, worn figure of old Connie Thomas. His first thought was of the security guards. How many times had he told them to keep Thomas away from him? Then he remembered—of course, this time old Connie was invited to the office. It was the scouts he needed most of all to turn the fan crisis around.

So, regarding his step, the commissioner moved on, coming closer, until he could see Thomas more clearly by the doorway, his grizzled face, his tired frame bent low to the weight of his 45 years and the binoculars that he always carried about his neck. Connie took out a Holiday Inn wipe, which he used to shine his shoes and clean his binocular lens—or, as he employed it now, to blow his nose.

"Hello, Connie," the commissioner said with studied affection.

"Oh, commissioner, I been waiting," the old man said. "You can't let 'em take it away from us. You can't trust them machines to do all the work."

"Connie has been one of the best scouts," the commissioner explained to the network man. "In the days before we depended upon computers, he would rate every college player in the land—every player every year for the Cowboys."

"Oh, I seen 'em all," Connie went on. "Not just your big ones, your Notre Dames, your UCLAs, your Alabamas, but I seen all of 'em—every little bitty school, every junior college, every nigger institution. And it wasn't just me. Why, I can remember some games you'd look up and the whole press box would just be filled with scouts. Why, it was

like the sky dark with a whole flock of birds moving south. Every team would have their scouts there. Some two or even three, and some days, an assistant coach, or a general manager, or maybe even an owner, too. Oh, before them machines we'd all us scouts be there. Bird dogs the newspaper boys called us, and that's what we were—bird dogs stalking our prey. What men."

"It must have been a proud profession in its heyday," the network man said.

"Oh, yes sir, it was," Connie said. "Why, we fought tooth and nail, but we all respected each other—there was only the 26 teams in both leagues in them days—so all us scouts knew each other. You take Francis Riggs of the Cardinals. He could weigh a man with his eye, and it only took one kickoff return for him to measure a player right clear through to the heart. Or Mitch Naylor. God rest his soul, of the 49ers. He could see a player just jog out onto the field for the introductions, and by just the way he moved, his gait, Mitch could compute his 100-yard-dash speed to the nearest 10th. Those were scouts, mister. Them machines, can they do that? Can they? Can they?"

The commissioner draped a comforting arm about the old man as his body swelled with sobs. "Connie, Connie, please," he said. "We haven't forgotten you. The computers are only aides to us, we need men like you."

"Barney Kelly of the Browns—he could find a player under a rock—or Pete Conte, my buddy, or Johnny Simmons—drunk that man could evaluate an interior lineman, his stance, even his lateral motion better than any gadget you ever saw. Oh, commissioner, give me a chance. Please. Just a chance. Scouting's the only job I ever knew I'll scout anything—service ball, the Western Division of the Continental League, the junior highs. I'll even scout the Ivy League."

"Good God, man, get a grip on yourself," the network rep cried.

"Connie," the commissioner said. "Don't you see? That's why we called

this meeting. We have something big, real big, for all you boys to do. Connie, we need you to scout a whole new NFL generation."

"A whole new generation?"

"Sure, you heard me right. Now, come on in and listen to me explain. All your old scout buddies are here," He threw open the door and they walked in—and there they were, all of them, the whole gang. Francis Riggs of the Cardinals was over in the corner with Sam Gentry of the Eagles and Hawk D'Ambrogio of the Rams. There was shrewd Walker Taliaferro of the Steelers, brooding Cranston Tower of the Giants and Will Browne of the Bears, still as stung as ever, still as much the ladies' man. Johnny Simmons was in his cups already, and Pete Conte of the Colts was trying to tell Simmons and Barney Kelly a dirty joke. Roy Earle of the Packers, earnest as always, had cornered Sandy Cochran of the Vikings and was showing him innumerable snapshots of his new boat, so Cochran was particularly delighted to spot Connie Thomas when he came into the room. It gave him a chance to get away from Earle.

"Hey, Connie," Sandy cried, whistling for attention. "Look who's here, gang."

"You old bandit," Hawk D'Ambrogio laughed, slapping Connie on the back.

"And how are you, Hawk? Still recommending linebackers who have three wives?"

"Oh, that hurts, doesn't it, D'Ambrogio?" Pete Conte chimed in. "I remember him too. Rufus Longwood, East Broadside A&T, 6' 2", 225, 9.9."

"Ten even," Connie said.

"Same old Connie, never forgets," said Barney Kelly, and there was a lot more backslapping and welcoming. Johnny Simmons actually struggled to his feet, and Connie caught him and tugged playfully at his cheeks.

"Like old times," Will Browne said, and there was even a loud cheer for the Lions' Piper (Soupy) Campbell (though he seemed as morose and distant as ever) when he came in late. The commissioner had to rap for order several times. In



"Connie, Connie," the commissioner said, "the computers are only aides to us. We need you."



Punch had been a star spectator for years,
but he knew in his heart he could not continue

fact, there was so much noise that he really didn't settle things down until he got Sandy Cochran's eye and had him sound off with one of his special whistles.

"You probably are wondering why I called you all here together," the commissioner said. There were responsive nods and murmurs. Walker Taliaferro cleared his throat; old Connie Thomas' binoculars clattered at his knees. "This all must remain strictly confidential," the commissioner went on. "What I have to tell you today could ruin us if basketball or hockey or even if baseball found out—but these reports tell the whole, sad truth." He held up a sheaf of papers.

"The trouble is, men, that we have used up a whole generation of pro football spectators. All we have left is a tired, run-down group that is just going through the motions. We need an entire generation of new fans, and that's where you. . . ."

"Wait a minute, commissioner," said Cranston Tower, rising to his feet. "There's millions and millions of pro football fans all over this great country who pack stadiums from coast to coast every week. Why do you have to scout for new faces?"

"Yeah," murmured many voices.

"Millions and millions," added others in the room.

"Hold on, hold on," hastened the commissioner, raising his hands to spell the anxious questions. "That's what I'm trying to tell you. That's what no one has ever realized. Sure, there are millions of pro football fans, and have been for years, but how many of them ever get in to see a game? We've been selling out stadiums with season tickets for this whole generation, and only. . . ."

"Hey, he's right," said Pete Conte.

"Listen to this," Roy Earle said, nudging Johnny Simmons.

"Sure," the commissioner went on, "the figures prove that 872 million people have attended NFL games in the last 20 years, but it's all the same people, over and over. The only ones. Our best guesstimate is that only 372,418 individuals, actual people, have seen an

continued

NFL game in the last 20 years."

"You mean all this new national pastime stuff has been a fraud?" cried Piper Campbell.

"Fraud's a strong word," the commissioner cautioned him.

"Hanky-panky?" Will Browne asked.

"All right, Will," the commissioner said, "let's not deal in semantics. The point is, a whole American generation has grown up never having attended a professional football game. To take your team, for instance, there hasn't been a new fan in to see the Chicago Bears in 17 years, not since Aileen Quigley was frozen to a fare-thee-well at the Cardinal game."

"Aileen, there was a fan," said Walker Taliferro.

"They don't make 'em like they used to," Hawk D'Ambraglio added with some feeling.

"In Washington," the commissioner went on, "we haven't had a new spectator since Congressman Dudley Spencer (R., Ill.) was turned out by the voters in the midterm elections of '54. We're in bad shape, boys. This is a house of cards based on image. Television ratings are all very nice. I certainly don't have to tell you that our Tuesday-brunch doubleheaders are already outdrawing *Love of Life* and *Hollywood Squares* . . ."

"Not to mention how we slaughtered Captain Kangaroo," the network man inserted.

"Right you are. But where do our ratings go if we haven't got a soul in the park? Some image. And the trouble is that actuarial statistics tell us that we can expect a high rate of attrition any year now among those 372,000 people who have been eligible to see our games. We have got to find replacements, and I mean pronto."

"This is where you fellows come in. We're going to have our first fan draft. We've never had a fan draft before, so we don't know how to program the computers like we can when we're looking for cornerbacks and watch-charm guards. We're depending on you men to check out all the bars, all the club cellars, all the taverns, all the country clubs,

and find us the kind of television game watchers who can make the adjustment to the tough, demanding stadium brand of play."

Sam Gentry was on his feet. "What's the big deal? Why can't we just take young TV watchers and install them in the stadium?"

"Yeah, why not?" Pete Conte added. "Aren't millions of young fans just dying to get their hands on those season tickets?"

"The sudden adjustment to the stadium game has become too drastic," the commissioner answered. "Remember, these people have never seen a football field, a whole 100 yards. Oh sure, some of them have heard their fathers talk about it, but still, they're disoriented when they arrive. It's too big."

"The game surprises them, too. The average TV watcher has never seen an interior lineman, except for the center snapping the ball, and they get mesmerized by the line action. These offensive guards and, uh, what'dyallits, uh . . ."

"Tackles!" offered the network man.

"Yeah, thanks, tackles. These offensive guards and tackles are altogether new things. Not one of them has been on television in 19 years. And the new stadium fan is confused by all the players, all 22 of them, so that he misses the passes and hand-offs and pitchouts and the good stuff, and he sulks and forgets to cheer. It's sad, believe me, these cases."

"I never thought of that," Sam Gentry said, sheepishly.

"The television fans don't know what to do with themselves at the stadium before two plays if they don't get the diagnoses and the instant replays and the slow motion. Their mind wanders. They get a lot like, well, they get like baseball fans—if I must be really candid."

"Good Lord, no!" Francis Riggs cried out.

"Yes, but more than that," the commissioner went on, "since most of them have never been in a stadium, they can't find their seats anyway. Most stadiums have sections numbered up to 30 or 35,

and these people have never had to adapt to more than 13 entries at one game."

"That's the number of channels," the network man explained.

"We had a secret test a few weeks ago, and we discovered that 71% of our new spectators never even found their seats during the first half. Thirty-four percent of the rest got up and left at halftime when they found they couldn't switch over to the AFL game. And boy, is that halftime trouble! There's only 372,000 people in America trained to watch what we call halftime 'entertainment,' and our surveys indicate that there simply isn't another person in the country who can possibly tolerate our traditional halftimes. Oh, but that's not your wrinkle to smooth out. For you, the big task is to find us a new generation of stadium fans—so let's get out there and get to it!"

There were excited murmurs, then shouts, and the scouts rose, cheering, and dashed out into the hall. "We'll get 'em for you, commissioner, that's for sure," old Connie Thomas cried as he hurried off to his job.

The new-fan policy was soon passed on to the clubs themselves in a secret memorandum, and there were sad times in most of the front offices as the teams began to go over their stadium rosters. Punch Swenson already suspected what might be in store for him when he got the word that the team wanted to see him. A hardworking, hefty man, whose girls gave tribute to the generous amounts of beer that he had consumed at games through the years, Punch at one time had been recognized as a star spectator. Though he acknowledged himself that he was never "real quick" moving off his seat to cheer at his location in the 24th row of Section 18 in Green Bay's Lambeau Field, he had made up for that with sustained loudness and an ability to remain on his frozen feet for prolonged periods during goal-line stands and to sigh in union with his fellows when a kickoff was in the air. At his peak, in the 1962-63 season, he had been voted Most Valuable

continued

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Fan in Section 18. That was the golden year for Punch, when he was in such demand that he was able to supplement his attendance with extra appearances in Milwaukee County Stadium and Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minn.

The ride in from nearby Henrysville, where Swenson resides and is lessee of the local Sunoco station, to the Packer offices was a long one. Once, rattled, he had to stop the car and pull out his next year's season-ticket application blank to assure himself that he had not forgotten it. At the reception room now, he waited impatiently for his appointment. It was not long before a burly man came to greet him. "Hello, Punch," the general manager welcomed him buoyantly.

"Hi, coach," Punch said, moving in to take a seat.

"Wouldn't you like to take off a few of your coats and be more comfortable?"

Punch shook his head. For the past several years he had found that he had to stay in shape, bring himself along in

the off season so that he would be fit when the cold-weather games arrived. This particular day was July 12 and the temperature outside read 87°, but Punch had on his thermal underwear and electric socks, a hair shirt, fur-lined hunting boots, galoshes, several parkas and some long greatcoats, a skunk face mask, three pairs of gloves and a beaver hat with ear flaps. "No, I'm O.K., thanks. I left the blanket in the car and I just gotta get myself in shape," Punch said. "By September, the way I'm going I should be ready to wear the real heavy stuff."

"I guess you have to start working out the clothes earlier every year," the general manager said.

"Oh, don't you know. Why, when I first came into this league I could just come right out of the house, pick up a hand warmer and my black-and-red woolen jacket and be ready for the season—ready to go—just like that. Then I found I needed overshoes, then a sweater. You know, it gets a little harder every year."

"That's the way it is with all fans," the general manager said. "I was looking at the films of you in action last year, and I noticed you were fidgeting a lot in the last half."

"Well, you know, coach, the fannies always go first," Punch said.

"Yes, and I hate to say it, Punch, but you're getting on, aren't you? There's been a lot of seasons."

The old guy lowered his head. "I got most of my life tied up in this game. Like a lot of guys."

"You might say a whole generation, huh?"

"Yeah, like that, we come out of school or the service, got a little money together for season tickets and started watching the games. All of a sudden then you look up and a lifetime has passed you by, you're over the hill, playing out the string. Let's face it, it's a young man's game, and I'll be 44 in the middle of the exhibition campaign."

"I'm glad you understand these things," the general manager said kindly, "because, Punch, we've just got to

make some changes in your department. We've got Roy Earle and our other scouts out right now looking for some bright new fans, and from what I've heard, I just don't think you can hold your position in the stadium against these youngsters."

Swenson slumped noticeably. At last he said: "Be honest with me. Don't kid me, let me hear it straight. Do you think I could catch on somewhere else?"

"Well, sure, Punch. We can get you a spot behind a pole in Buffalo. . . ."

"Oh no, coach, I don't want to go to the other league."

"Well, all right, maybe we can work out something with Pittsburgh or San Francisco—neither one of those clubs is real strong in the end zones. But do you really want to finish up that way after all these years with the Packers?"

"No, you're right. I oughta quit while I'm still on top."

"Well, great, Punch," the general manager said, "because I can assure you there'll always be a place for you in this organization."

"Oh, that's wonderful."

"We need a man like you to work the Appleton-Oshkosh area for us, to look for the kind of raw talent in front of the TV screens that can move up here right into a stadium seat. Just find us a few guys like you when you were at your peak, Punch—that's all."

"Oh, thank you," Punch choked, as he took off one glove so that he could shake hands.

They retired his seat number, and hung his thermal longies on the Wall of Fame in the north side men's room in a half-time ceremony at the opening home game against the Lions. Punch was flown to Detroit so that he could watch the proceedings on television. At the stadium, no one cheered harder than Hiram Dente, 20, a free agent from the Elbow Room, Terre Haute, Ind., who had replaced Swenson in Section 18.

"What a guy," Dente later told reporters. "Here is a fan whose seat I'm taking, but he never stopped helping me, teaching me some of the little tricks, giving me the advantage of his longtime ex-



Dallas took a familiar stadium figure

peruse. It's going to be tough for anyone to follow in his spot."

The first spectator draft was held in August at a motel near O'Hare airport so that some of the top picks could be flown in quickly from anywhere in the country and introduced to the waiting press. The Philadelphia Eagles had the first choice and, as expected, went for Wally Ginger, 22, of the Kum-On-Inn, Webster Groves, Mo. Everybody's top pick, Ginger had been informed earlier by the Eagles that they would select him, and he was on hand when the announcement was made. With Sam Gentry, a proud scout, Ginger posed for photographers holding up his new tickets.

It was later acknowledged by the Eagles that the tickets that Ginger had held for the photographers were not necessarily the ones that would be assigned to him. "Wally is the kind of guy who is capable of watching from anywhere in the stadium," a club spokesman said, "and we just haven't decided yet where to use him."

A robust young man who listed "insurance salesman" as his aim in life, Ginger was a modest subject for the press. "I'm not taking anything for granted," he said. "This is going to be a tough transition. As a youngster I did see a junior-varsity high school game in person, but otherwise all my grad action has been in front of the old tube."

"Wally, what do you think will be the single toughest thing for you to learn?" Scoop Slaughter of the *Tribune* asked.

"Discovering exactly when to commit myself," Ginger replied quickly. "At the Kum-On-Inn or at home you can make the break for refreshments or the lavatory, and if a play starts unexpectedly while you are out, your buddies and what-all can scream. 'Hey, Wally, hustle back,' and things like that, and you can dash back in time to catch the play, you know. I never missed a play."

"But at a stadium, once you make that move, once you commit yourself to going through the portal to the concession stand or the little boys' room,

there's no turning back. You can miss a lot of action if you don't know when to make your move. And getting that kind of timing down can come only with experience."

Atlanta followed the Eagles and tabbed Joey Overland, 21, a Blackfoot Indian from the Teepee Tavern, Bisbee, N. Dak. The choice was generally characterized as a mild surprise by most close observers. While Overland was high on many draft lists, it had been felt that the Falcons would surely decide to take R. W. Gray, 20, of the Uptown Bottle Club, Spartanburg, S.C. Gray was, first of all, a local favorite in nearby Atlanta but, more important than that, he was rated as potentially a great extra-point catcher, a position the Falcons had been weak in.

Sandy Cochran, the top Falcon scout, bridled at some of the criticism in the Atlanta press. "We looked at Gray carefully," Cochran told reporters, "and we all agreed that he was a top prospect. It's also obvious that we are weak in the end zones with our extra-point catching corps. The Minnesota fans, with gloves on, caught for a higher percentage of extra points last year than our fans did with warm, bare hands. But when you're in our situation of being a young team trying to build the whole stadium up, we felt that we had to take the best available talent, regardless of position, and Overland was the obvious choice."

Gray was himself subsequently selected in the first round by Green Bay, and Atlanta used its second-round pick to name another highly touted extra-point catcher, Elliott Pickett, 19, of VFW Post 4149, Midland, Texas. "The funny thing is," said a scout from another team, "that in all the controversy over Gray, Pickett might, in the long run, be the better talent. Besides, we were never convinced that Gray really wasn't listed out of position as an extra-point catcher. If we had drafted him, we would have tried him first at halftime banner-carrying or running onto the field with 18 seconds left."

Pittsburgh had the next choice, but the Steelers had previously traded it to

the Los Angeles Rams for two veteran box-seat holders and a scalper to be named later. With the Steelers' choice, the Rams promptly selected Standish Willoughby, 19, of Swampscott, Mass., and when their own first choice came up later, the Rams tabbed Willoughby's 17-year-old bride, the former Miriam L. Poole. The Willoughbys, who watched out of the Teenievision Social Club in nearby Revere, gave the Rams a solid one-two punch. "We never thought the missus would last this late in the round," said elated Scout Hawk D'Ambrogio after her selection. "We rate Standish and Miriam Willoughby as the kind of nucleus we can build a whole stadium around."

New Orleans followed the first Ram selection by choosing Tiny Kowalski, 22, of The Bottle and Cork, Parma, Ohio. Kowalski, who is 6'8" but has short, stubby legs, was viewed as the kind of prospect who could stir up even a veteran crowd. "Impossible for anybody even three rows behind him to see over his head when he is sitting down," one rival scouting report noted. "After a while, everybody in the section is standing up."

The Saints assigned Kowalski a seat in the fifth row of Section 16, directly in front of the experienced "down in front" specialist, Joe Martin. This shrewd lineup shift turned Section 16 into a mad stand-up powerhouse that was on its feet and screaming most of the year. Everybody was moving around so much that the section even led the league in concession sales early in the season.

Washington had high hopes for getting Kowalski, too, and when the Saints took him the Redskins were forced into a sudden reexamination of the remaining talent. Almost two hours, the maximum time allowed between picks, passed before the Redskins announced that they were drafting Toby Buff, 23, Club Chi-Chi, Inglewood, Calif. Clearly, this was the most controversial choice of the draft. Everyone recognized that, while Buff was a great raw talent, he had never shown any inclination to accept dis-

continued

cipline "This guy can do it all—cheer, boo, sit in any kind of weather, drink beer all day and never have to go to the men's room, whistle loud for vendors. The only question concerns his attitude," one confidential Century Division report noted.

The Redskins paid for their gamble, too. Once the season began, Buff twice missed kickoffs, spilled a whole can of National Bohemian beer on an elderly homemaker, Mrs. Shirley Goldfarb of Chantilly, Va., who occupied the seat in front of him, missed an 89-yard punt return completely while searching beneath his seat for a BnC ballpark pen that he had dropped and was finally released after a halftime dispute with Usher Paul Penner. Buff caught on briefly with the Rams, being assigned one of the more distant locations in the Coliseum, but the Rams were not impressed by him and did not include him on their 50,000-man protected list when Seattle was given an expansion franchise. Buff is now back at the Club Chi-Chi watching Tuesday night NFL highlight films and talking comeback.

Detroit picked the first field general in the draft, going for Taps (Buddy) O'Hara, 21, of the Delmarvelous Cafe, Seaford, Del. "Picks the TV game to be watched every week despite objections—even when Baltimore, Washington and Philly games are all coming in clear at the same time, plus the AFL and Notre Dame reruns on other channels," one scouting report on O'Hara read. "Has even managed to secure quiet for some halftime interviews."

St. Louis followed and also picked a leader, going for Hip Gypsey, 20, who watches out of Mr. and Mrs. Al Michaels' Jr. club cellar in their fashionable Mossyway Estates home, Council Bluffs, Iowa. But Gypsey was hardly the usual kind of signal-caller. He is known in the scouts' vernacular as a "scrambler," for he would twist the dial every few seconds, trying to catch all the plays in the games, while usually manipulating the radio too, as he did not care for the TV announcers.

"Sure, I've heard all the criticism

about Gypsey," Cardinal Scout Francis Riggs said. "They say his scrambling game will never work in the stadium. But listen, Gypsey may not be a classic fan, he doesn't drop back to his seat by the book, but the guy gets it done. He is a winner. No matter how much he twisted the dial and other fans screamed at him to leave it be, he never once missed a play. This guy can run a difficult zig-out pattern upstairs to the Michaels' hall bathroom or make that down-and-out move to the bar and still buttonhook back in time to change the dial for the next play. I can tell you, that's the kind of guy we want in our ball park."

The 49ers then named Daisy Nelson, 18, K. of C. Roe Room, Chula Vista, Calif. A screamer and all-round referee baster, Miss Nelson also had shown a marked proclivity for making banners and wearing funny clothes with team colors and insignia garishly featured. Green Bay then took extra-point catcher Gray, and the Vikings followed by going for Dickie Bush, 18, Phi Ki Gamma Kappa House, New Mexico Highlands University, Las Vegas, N. Mex. Minnesota was looking mostly to the future with Bush, who had indicated an interest in taking a sophomore biology course and eventually, "if I do real well and like it," becoming a premed major.

"We need more doctors," a Vikings team spokesman candidly admitted. "We went more than a quarter without paying a single doctor in one game last year." Bush has already been assigned doctor No. 421, and will be paged regularly at crucial points in games as soon as he can get accepted by any reputable medical school. "You don't have to go to Johns Hopkins to learn how to answer a page," the official said.

Cleveland followed with the next pick and did make a few heads turn by selecting Missy, a large polar bear residing in the Tampa zoo. Missy (who, it developed, had erroneously been cataloged as a female by a misinformed zoo aide) was obviously delighted to move into the less temperate climes and was a clear choice to sit in the upper deck

and brave the winds off Lake Erie. "You don't ask a boy to do a man's job," an official snorted at a newspaperman who wanted to know why the Browns could not find a single human to draft for the upper deck.

Popular Stuart Raintree, 22, of suburban Winnetka, Ill.—the North Shore Tavern and Benje's Takeout Liquors—brought forth cheers from the assembled when the Bears introduced him personally at the motel lounge as their first choice. Well known to local observers for his antics at the North Shore and over at Benje's, Raintree then went with a horde of photographers to Wrigley Field, where he was posed in his new seat in Section 25, in the end zone and directly behind a large pole.

Raintree expressed delight at this seat assignment, since he always becomes inebriated during games and thought he might feel gaily if he took a good seat away from a more alert spectator. Scoop Slaughter of the *Tribune* asked Raintree if he would not just once like to stay sober and see a full game. "Well, in a way, yes, out of curiosity," the personable Chicago choice replied, "but I love the game of football and want to do my share, and it just doesn't seem that it would be a real game without at least one drunk. Everybody has a role to play."

New York followed by naming Skipworth (Skippy) Scott, 21, of the Louisville Hunt and Cricket Club, Louisville, Ky. A junior account executive, Scott first came to the attention of Giant Scout Cranston Tower when the sage talent hunter heard that Scott had stayed over a day in New York on his vacation trip to Rome and Greece to attend a summer midtown Giant luncheon, where films of last year's close losses were shown at length and a second-string cornerback narrated.

"Let's face it," Tower told reporters, "in New York, what is just watching the games? The real fan is the guy who also attends all the lunches and brunches and cocktail parties all week long watching the replays of Sunday's game. That's why we went for Scott."

The young man beamed alongside

Tower. "How do you think this will impress the folks back at the Hunt and Cricket Club?" Scoop Slaughter asked.

"Oh, I wouldn't want to be pinned down too much on a thing like that," Scott replied. "I'd rather not say anything definitive on a subject like that until I've seen the films."

Los Angeles followed with the Miriam Willoughby selection, and Dallas also went the disaffili route, tabbing statuesque, sometime flaxen-haired Mary Beth Carey, 19, of Tyler, Texas. Miss Carey's background was not quite the same of most of the first-round choices, since they had come up through television watching. Instead, Miss Carey has long been a familiar figure around stadiums, confining her TV attendance to a few games at the local A & W Root Beer lounge.

Miss Carey's stadium appearances had, however, only been at halftimes. She had never seen so much as a whole series of actual downs. As a youngster in Amarillo, she was a sequined baton twirler from the age of 6 for Alamo Elementary and Lone Star Junior High.

Then, on a scholarship, she moved to Austin Houston Park High in Dallas, where she twirled her baton some more and was often queen as the climax to halftime. At Norene Junior College, Mary Beth became the leader of the world-famous Norene Texas Cowboyyettes, the skimpy-dressed bevy of precision beauty marchers and baton twirlers who have traditionally appeared at 89.4% of all halftimes throughout America every fall.

"We felt it important," the Dallas scout, old Connie Thomas, said, "that we sign up just a few fans who can actually tolerate a halftime show. Since Miss Mary Beth Carey has been boning people at halftimes since infancy, raising the art of halftime boredom to a real art as a member of the Norene Texas Cowboyyettes, we felt it was only appropriate that she should be our selection."

Baltimore completed the first round of the NFL fan draft by going for little Chickie Ward, 16, who watched out of the Harundale Mall Community Hall, Glen Burnie, Md. The Colts really had no choice in the matter, for emotions in town were at a fever pitch after it was reported that Ward had singlehandedly taken on eight larger (and scruffier) youths outside the Lerner Stores after he understood one of the crowd had passed a disparaging remark about Johnny Unitas near the A & P check-out. Before this incident, young Ward had been listed as no better than a fourth or fifth choice by the Colts, though his keen ability to spot alleged infractions by Colt opponents that officials overlooked had made him a corner.

By late in the season the commissioner could say he was tremendously pleased with the results of the draft. Toby Buff, of course, was the biggest first-round flop, but there were only two other disappointments. The Packers moved R. W. Gray out of his starting end-zone spot behind the goalposts and dropped him down to the rugged, standing-room-only unit after the word leaked out that he was trying to organize a Facs' Com-

muttee that wanted to meet with the ticket manager and make certain pension and health demands. Mary Beth Carey was placed on the injured reserve list midway through watching her second half-time. The desultory experience had proved too much for her.

"Next year's draft should be even better," the commissioner said one day to the network man. "We're already able to use computers in some areas of the fan draft, and this should take more of the guesswork out of the job. The preseason camps that all the teams had worked out well for everybody, and some were terrific conditioners. You could see the difference. The fans that had been to the tough camps and worked hard during the preseason campaigns were really ready to go when the bell rang for the bid-lifter. Next year I'm sure you'll see that all the teams will have tougher camps. I tell you, I would hate to be a rookie spectator coming into one of those camps."

"Boy, I'll say, and hey, that reminds me," the network man said. "While I was waiting outside to see you, I ran into this screwball who says he has an appointment with you."

"Oh yes, I know who you mean. I even met him once. I have his name here somewhere."

"What a nut. He's a writer, a fan, seen a few TV games, and he's got this idea to go to a real NFL preseason camp, actually masquerade as a genuine spectator trying out, go through all the workouts, and then write about his experiences. Can you imagine? I told him, boy, this is the real thing. You'll be lucky to squeeze through a portal, much less get to your seat."

"Well, it sounds kind of intriguing," the commissioner said, getting up to open the door. "Let's hear what he has to say."

"I told him," the network man added, "in this level of competition, you'll be a sitting duck."

"Sitting duck, hmmm," said the new-comer.

"Come in, George," the commissioner said.

End



20 "George, you will be a sitting duck."

A roundup of the sports information of the week

[illegible]

ABA MINNESOTA (124-137) led the Eastern Division but in three games left Dallas 116-105 as Connie Hawkins got 29 points in a KENTUCKY comeback. The Hawks' 10th place finish in the first round gave two games nearer the top. In 11-11-72 they were near Houston, rookie Gene Rogers scored 29 points in a 107-100 win. The Hawks' 11th place finish (12-13) split four and fell to third. Roger Brown closed the 198-113 Pacers set in Houston with a 29 point effort. The Hawks' 12th place finish (13-14) A.M. (11-72) and last-place NEW YORK (11-72) were winless, with three and four losses. Kansas, which had a 13-13 record, was winning 114-104 UTAH game. The Oaks were 24 points behind Miami in the course of the 118-106 game. The Hawks' 13th place finish (14-15) DENVER (14-16) took three of four as sold out crowd. The Hawks' 14th place finish (15-16) was 112-101 was with New Orleans. Larry Miller of LOS ANGELES (19-22) was outstanding in the 118-106 game. He had his season high of 31 points, and has three-point basket in overtime. Last Indiana (129-106) was 11-11-72. The Hawks' 15th place finish (16-17) and 16th place finish (17-18) were 114-104 and 114-104. The Hawks' 17th place finish (18-19) was 114-104. The Hawks' 18th place finish (19-20) was 114-104. The Hawks' 19th place finish (20-21) was 114-104. The Hawks' 20th place finish (21-22) was 114-104. The Hawks' 21st place finish (22-23) was 114-104. The Hawks' 22nd place finish (23-24) was 114-104. The Hawks' 23rd place finish (24-25) was 114-104. The Hawks' 24th place finish (25-26) was 114-104. The Hawks' 25th place finish (26-27) was 114-104. The Hawks' 26th place finish (27-28) was 114-104. The Hawks' 27th place finish (28-29) was 114-104. The Hawks' 28th place finish (29-30) was 114-104. The Hawks' 29th place finish (30-31) was 114-104. The Hawks' 30th place finish (31-32) was 114-104. The Hawks' 31st place finish (32-33) was 114-104. 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The Hawks' 147th place finish (148-149) was 114-104. The Hawks' 148th place finish (149-150) was 114-104. The Hawks' 149th place finish (150-151) was 114-104. The Hawks' 150th place finish (151-152) was 114-104. The Hawks' 151st place finish (152-153)

BOWLING DON GLOVER of Bakersfield Calif. beat Don McCune of Munster, Ind. 210-219 to take the \$6,000 first prize in the FBA \$45,000 Valley of the Sun Open at Phoenix.

COURT TENNIS JIMMY BOSTWICK, Jr. won the U.S. Open upsetting his brother, Pete Bostwick, 6-4, 4-6, 6-4, 4-3, and 6-3 in New York.

FOOTBALL Fourth-quarter comebackers denied both pro All-Star games in favor of the West. In a battle of two-life defenses in Atlanta, the NFL WEST won a 44-yard, 10-play drive in the last two minutes to squeak by the East 10-9. Minnesota Football Hall of Famer running back Garrison Hearst led the winning touchdown. The AFL WEST beat the East 27-20 on two long passes by Kansas City's Len Dary, both of which set up field goals. TDs: Tim Lincecum (East) getting 42 of 49 points on four field goals by New York's Jim Turner.

BOLF—**JOANNE GUNDEFERSON CARNER** won the first annual \$35,000 Harding's Invitational in Miami with a par 216, becoming the first amateur to capture an LPGA-sponsored tournament.

HARBEST RACING STANLEY DANCER of New Egypt, N.J., who had the best winning earnings of \$111 in 1964 and was second in earnings with \$148,072, was named champion of the Year by the National Horsemen's Guild of America. He is a son of HERBIE FILSON, an Argentine, Quebec, who, in a world record of 407 seconds, was the official North American two-year-old champion BILLY HAUGHTON of Glen Head, N.Y. was top in earnings for the 12th time, with a record \$1,454,277.

[illegible]

HORSE RAISING—MR. HETIGIAN (\$17,601), 4-year-old son of Rodan took the \$69,500 Tropical Park Handicap. CAYAMORE (\$10,401) who had never won a stakes, scored an upset in the \$59,450 San Fernando Stakes at Santa Anita.

502380—WILTRUD DREXEL of Austria won the downhill at Schladau, Schlegellagers and moved into second place behind the silver medalist, the Czech giant **ROSI MITTERMAIER** of West Germany, who won World Cup points-leader Gernot Gahleitner in the slalom and gave West Germany its first women's Alpine victory in two years. **AUSLIE KIRBY-SCHRAMM** captured the lead in the World Cup points by winning the Hahnenkamm race's downhill at Kitzbühel. The next day, after missing a gate, Schramm abandoned the slalom, which was won by **PATRICK RUSSSEL** of France (Luge) (A)

WILEYPORTS—**HIRSH RICK FORZANO**, who never played college football, is head football coach of the U.S. Naval Academy. **HOMER RICE**, former Louisville coach at the University of Cincinnati, is athletic director of the University of North Carolina. **JOHN RAUCH**, who coached the Oakland Raiders to the AFL title in 1967 and the Western Division championship last season, is head coach of the hapless Buffalo Bills, with a four year contract.

Hired: EDDIE STANKY dismissed in July after 2½ years as White Sox manager, as head baseball coach at the University of South Alabama at Mobile. USA is 4½ years old, and just down the road a piece from Stanky's home.

RESIGNED L. STANLEY (STAN) WARD, 49, whose 15 years at Biwa University basketball coach is the Ivy League's longest current reign in that sport, effective at the end of June.

RETIRED JOHN GORDY, 33, a Detroit Lions guard for 11 years, is to become full-time executive director of the NFL Players' Association.

land Brown halfback, and later a television sports announcer, of a heart attack in his Aurora, Ohio home.

FACES IN THE CROWD



NANCY HOLT, an attractive senior at Ward Melville High School, Setauket, N.Y., served 30 straight points in consecutive 15-0 wins as her team took a three-game volleyball match. Her dizzied coach said "I've never seen such a feat in 25 years of coaching."



中田敦彦 MILLER, 25, a junior high school teacher from Mountain View, Calif., won the ninth annual Pacific A.A.U. 10,000-meter Street Race for the eighth straight year. Miller, twice a college Little All-America distance runner, was timed at 30:43.7.



ELIZABETH WATERS, 4 of Metairie, La., who has swam since she was 2, and breaststroked half a mile in 45 minutes at 3, swam the 25-yard breast against 9- and 10-year-olds, but finished last. "She won't start beating older girls until she's 6," says her mother.



JACK STATION, Florida's top-ranked 35-and-over tennis player, just turned 60 and won his first 60-and-over tournament, Cape Coral's Ike Macy Memorial. Station has won more than 350 championships and is ranked sixth among the nation's 55-plus players.



LARRY GILLIN, a Dartmouth senior, triumphed in two Class A ski jumps in a weekend's competition at Bear Mountain, N.Y. He soared 145 and 137 feet to take the Franklin D. Roosevelt jump, then twice leaped 145 feet to win the Torger Tolle event.



ALLAN HORNIAK, a 6' 1" senior at Bellevue, Ohio's St John's Central High scored 86 points in a 105-63 win over Titonoville, sinking 40 field goals and six free throws. After 16 games, Horniak is averaging 47.7 points a game. Last season he had a 42.6 average.

Credit

4 Tony Dan 10-13 Mary E Newman 84
Jana Cope 28-29 Hank S. Kasper 30 Vanya
1 Evely 11 Mary Schepers Walter Scott 11
Fellow Buddell 11-12 40 Off Jay Stroms
Cover & Lynn E Jones 11 Times 88, 89 John D
Hudson 30 Wendy & Long 32 Sue Harford 88
See Delicate New Orleans Street Sign, G. L. Arns

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST

1. UCLA (12-0)
2. SANTA CLARA (16-0)
3. NEW MEXICO STATE (15-0)

This time it was Texas A&M that did the laughing. The Aggies blew a 14-point lead but beat SMU in the final five overtime seconds 76-75 and then came from 14 points behind to defeat TCU in the final five seconds 72-71. Game-winning shots were made first by Sonny Ildefonso, who sank two free throws, and then by Mike Heilmann, who hit from the corner. That left the Aggies in first place in the Southwest Conference with a 4-0 record. SMU stayed in contention with a 101-80 win against Rice, which had beaten TCU 71-64. Texas stopped Arkansas 67-59.

Sharpening the lead in the Western Athletic Conference were Utah and Brigham Young, both winners against Wyoming and New Mexico, the preseason co-favorites. Utah's Jack Gardner drank three quarts of milk on the bench and shredded three handkerchiefs as his team beat the Cowboys 79-77 and the Lobos 77-76. High scores for the Redskins were sophomores Mike Newlin (34 points) and Kenny Gardner (35 points). Strong rebounding and an ability to crack a variety of zones enabled BYU to defeat the Cowboys 89-74, the Lobos 75-63.

In the Big Sky it was the all-round play of Guards Justin Thigpen and Sessions Harlan that earned Weber State to the top with two wins over Montana State, 71-60 and 86-69. Thigpen had 47 points, Harlan 24, but they really ran the Bobcats with their pressing defense.

UCLA, even with Lew Alcindor bothered by the flu and getting a career low of eight points, was awesome in beating Houston 100-64. Appraising the Bruins, Cougar Coach Guy Lewis said: "This is a more physical team than last year's—stronger and far, far deeper. It looks like they will be the power for the next four or five years. Maybe forever." Houston, last season's highest-scoring team, also lost to Lamar Tech 71-65 in overtime. Washington (13-0) moved in front in the Pacific 8 (UCLA is 2-0), using a tough defense and taking calculated shots to beat Oregon State 69-42. Washington State downed Oregon 67-63, and California, with 6'4½" Jackie Ridgle, described by Stanford Coach Howe Dallmar as "a small edition of Oscar Robertson," scoring 30 points, beat the Indians 73-65.

Santa Clara took care of West Coast AC fans Santa Barbara (80-69) and San Jose State (64-49) as Dennis Awrey had 52 points. New Mexico State came on strong at the end to finish off Texas-El Paso 80-

65. Portland, though, lost to Oregon 68-65 and Puget Sound 96-74, making it 14 losses without a win for the Pilots. Utah State beat Denver 102-87, then lost to Arizona State. Colorado State defeated the Air Force 83-65, but the Falcons came back with an 83-80 win against Denver. It was Arizona 72-63 over Creighton, and Seattle 75-73 over Oklahoma City.

EAST

1. ST. JOHN'S (12-2)
2. COLUMBIA (13-1)
3. VILLANOVA (11-2)

When 6' 8" Jim Wolf of Penn sets up a screen for his smaller teammates, he is something of a Great Wall of China. Thus it was that when 5' 10" Steve Biskup slipped behind Wolf in the closing seconds of a tie game against Villanova he almost disappeared from view. Biskup quickly reappeared, though, leaped high, high enough to get above Wolf, and sank a 25-footer with three seconds left. That gave the Quakers, who had played stall-ball, a 32-10 upset. Pitt also stalled, but Temple methodically worked out a 53-30 victory. "I thought," complained Owl Guard Drew Nolan, "college basketball was supposed to be fun. Well, you can't tell me there is any fun playing that way." Villanova, in the meantime, regained its winning touch against Virginia Tech, 70-57.

St. John's (page 46) and Columbia each won twice, easily and impressively. The Lions put down Georgetown 101-62 and Niagara 107-84 as Jim McMillan scored 48 points, Roger Walczak 47 and Heyward Dotson 42. Calvin Murphy of Niagara had one of his poorest shooting nights of the season (13 of 40), but added 21 foul shots against Columbia for a total of 40 points.

Jim McDaniels of Western Kentucky had 36 points, not good enough to keep La Salle from winning 88-81. But 32 points and 22 rebounds by John Fultz gave Rhode Island an 81-72 win over Vermont.

MIDWEST

1. NOTRE DAME (12-2)
2. PURDUE (9-2)
3. OHIO STATE (9-2)

"He's the best opponent I've faced all year," said Detroit's Spencer Haywood of 6' 10" Luther Rackley of Xavier. Until he got into foul trouble, Rackley had outscored Haywood 21-14. After that, Haywood had a lark, winding up with 34 points as the Titans won 98-84.

Kansas, which lost the Orange Bowl football game when it was discovered it had an illegal 12th man on the field, played for more than a minute with a player who had fouled out and still dropped a vital Big Eight

contest to Iowa State 78-72. First-place Colorado (4-0) defeated Kansas State 73-69. Tulsa remained atop the Missouri Valley, beating St. Louis 89-66 and Memphis State 70-69, thanks to a tip-in by Larry Cheatnam in the waning moments. It was the fifth loss in the last 10 seconds for the Tigers, who have dropped five MVC games by a total of six points. Drake stopped Cincinnati 69-64.

Murray State and Western Kentucky were tied for the Ohio Valley lead. The Thoroughbreds held off Middle Tennessee 70-68, while the Hillhoppers beat Morehead 87-86. Tom Slater's only field goal came with 44 seconds to go, and it gave Miami of Ohio a 71-69 Mid-American win over Bowling Green. Earlier, the Redskins downed Ohio U. 67-53. Kent State beat Bowling Green 59-54, Western Michigan 93-63 and outsider Florida State 76-67.

Sophomore Forward Jim Cleamons had 31 points, 10 rebounds and five assists as Ohio State padded its Big Ten lead with a 98-85 win against Michigan. "Cleamons," said Michigan's John Orr, "wasn't just great; he was super great. He drove, shot, rebounded, passed off, did everything."

Independents Dayton and Notre Dame won twice, the Flyers stopping Louisville 69-67 and DePaul 86-83, the Irish beating Air Force 88-53 and Detroit 84-77.

SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA (13-1)
2. DAVIDSON (12-1)
3. KENTUCKY (11-2)

It was a week of almosts. Kentucky, Vanderbilt, North Carolina and Davidson all lost, after 16 minutes of play and 19 points by Tennessee's Bill Justus, Adolph Rupp of Kentucky figured it was time to do what he likes least (use a zone) if he was to achieve what he likes most (a win). Justus got only six points against the zone and the Wildcats got a 69-66 win. Earlier, the Vols themselves barely held off Florida 64-63 when Justus made his only field goal of the night with two seconds left. For the 10th time this season, Vanderbilt rallied to win in the closing minutes, outscoring Mississippi 13-3 for a 62-55 victory.

North Carolina blew all but three points of a 13-point bulge against Wake Forest before regrouping for a 94-89 win. Davidson, too, had difficulty winning 90-82 against the Deacons, who lost four men on fouls. But the Wildcats had an even closer call against VMI, which scored eight straight points to tie the game with 14 seconds left. Dave Moser of the Wildcats then took the ball to the right of the key, cut to the left after dribbling behind his back, jumped and sank a shot at the buzzer for a 66-64 victory. There was one major upset, however, and it came when VMI shocked West Virginia 87-84. It was only the 26th home loss in 25 years for the Mountaineers.

END

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SUPERSTORY

Sirs:

What a tremendous coup for Edwin Shrake (*A Champagne Party for Joe and Week*, Dec. 9)! The NFL still had six teams in contention and the AFL had four when his article "describing" the Jets' Super Bowl upset over Baltimore appeared. Among other things, Shrake should qualify as the prognosticator who replaces Tex Maule for the preseason selections in SI next year.

Could it be 1975 already? That is when most of the experts estimated the two leagues would finally become equal. Although many of us thought the Mets would bring the next championship to New York, we might have looked a little closer at the AFL domination of the interleague exhibition games for a preview.

WADE N. PATTERSON

Grants Pass, Ore.

Sirs:

I don't believe it! I do not believe it! Not only the supergame, but the supersory! You had better get a pretty good hold on Edwin Shrake—New York City will stop at nothing to get him as a weather forecaster.

DOUG DARROCH

Dayton, N.J.

Sirs:

Please ask Edwin Shrake to write a letter to his friend Max describing how the New York Knicks managed to beat the 76ers, the Bulls and the Lakers in the NBA playoffs.

By the way, should you happen to see Tex Maule, please ask him for me how his foot tastes.

KEN SCHWARTZ

Lewinsburg, Pa.

Sirs:

I feel it should be said here and now that the performance of the New York Jets in the Super Bowl has to go down as one of the greatest moments in sport. It is for this reason that I wish to nominate Joe Willie Namath for Sportsman of the Year 1969. It might be a little early, but I feel there is nothing more that can be done in the world of sport which can overshadow what Mr. Namath did on Jan. 12.

JOSEPH KOWAL

Parlin, N.J.

FORE- AND HINDSIGHT

Sirs:

As anyone who has read SI for a few years knows, sometime in January we can expect an issue similar to the Jan. 13 number (*Surfers and Sybarites*). You continually

publish pictures of young women in skimpy, revealing swimwear that leave little to the imagination. If this practice continues, I may be forced to take out another subscription.

RED WASSERICH

Fort Worth

Sirs:

It's nice to know that Giorgio Sant'Angelo's creation, covering just enough of beautiful Erin Gray in front, consists "mainly of thin straps" in back. If he had enough hindsight, your photographer must have taken a shot of those straps and, as an old straphanger, I would like to see it.

WILLIAM WHITE

Detroit

Sirs:

I am writing about the apparent decline in the visual impact and quality of your famous (or infamous) January "swimsuit" issues (1963 *et seq.*). I believe SI is mistaken in departing from the criteria set forth by Jule Campbell in the Jan. 16, 1967 issue: "The girl has to look healthy, has to be the kind men turn around to stare at, has to have visible spirit and should be athletic." With this latest issue SI seems to have abandoned this formula in favor of a style and format more suited to *Playboy*, and I believe I am not alone in asking you to return to the "fundamentalism" that made the first issues so appealing.

CARTER B. STACK

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Count us among the subscribers who are severely disappointed to see SI apparently betraying its professional standing by joining in the race for pinups.

LEROY J. HOUBERT, M.D.

Kinderhook, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was quite surprised to read those several letters of horror and shock (1968 Hole, Jan. 13) in response to what I thought was a colorful, accurate and tastefully done pictorial essay on Sugar Bowl Week in New Orleans (Dec. 23). As a resident of the city, I feel that Photographer Stephen Green-Armistead did an excellent job of capturing the diversity—as total as it realistically is—of the entertainment that New Year's visitors annually find in the Crescent City. The burlesque of Bourbon Street is as much a part of New Orleans' own personality and attraction as anything else one might think of, and SI is to be congratulated for realizing that fact.

ALAN R. YUSPIN

New Orleans

BREAK UP THE AFL

Sirs:

With the pro football draft rapidly approaching, it seems necessary to call the attention of the proper authorities to the potential threat of ever-growing league imbalance, which through ineffective drafting procedures, has plagued pro sports for years. By this I mean giving the exclusive draft rights to a superstar of the nature of O. J. Simpson to the Buffalo Bills, who this year have proven themselves the best team in pro football. After all, they beat the World Champion Jets who in turn defeated the postseason consensus as the best team in the nation, the Baltimore Colts.

At this point it seems that there are only two practical solutions to the problem, either the Bills should be split up into two franchises in a move to restore some balance to the AFL, or O.J. should go to the newly declared worst team in pro football, the Colts.

WARD BOWER

Lewinsburg, Pa.

NUMBERS GAME

Sirs:

Congratulations on a .448 batting average on your preseason college football selections in your Sept. 9 issue, which compares with a .373 average for *Look* magazine's preseason picks.

On a basis of 20 points for each team picked in the top 20 and finishing in the top 20, less the difference between the preseason selection and the final ranking, SI came up with 179 points out of a possible 400.

You picked 12 of the final top 20 and hit both Texas and Tennessee on the nose—with some very close selections on Penn State, USC, Notre Dame, Oklahoma and LSU.

GEORGE W. HEHLER

South Bend, Ind.

Sirs:

How in heaven's name can a responsible sports magazine such as yours publish an article (*Bouquiers of Roses for No. 1*, Dec. 23) stating that the Rose Bowl will settle the National Collegiate Championship?

There is no true national college football champion and you know it. Polls taken from sportswriters and coaches alike are mythical at best, and a true champion will never be crowned until postseason playoffs are put into effect.

To prove how silly and unrealistic this championship has become, consider the following: Woody Hayes and Ohio State were presented the MacArthur Bowl—the sym-

continued



What's 7 minutes in your young life?

Perhaps you'll find out how to put aside \$14,000 extra. How to organize your vital papers. And how to guard your estate against calamity.

In less time than it takes for your morning shave, a Mutual Benefit man can start you on the road to sound financial planning.

You see, he recognizes life insurance is only one part of it. So he offers you a financial service that goes into other things, too. It covers not only protection but savings, your retirement, a review of all your life insurance. It takes in your benefits under Social Security, including latest changes in the law (and helps you initiate an audit of your account that can avoid a costly error).

Result? A financial program you can live with. And for the Mutual Benefit man? Life insurance is his business. He hopes when you buy, you'll buy from him.

Best part is, it takes only 7 minutes to find out if his financial service is for you. If you're interested, he'll continue. Otherwise he'll leave. When your Mutual Benefit man calls, give him 7 minutes. It could be the turning point of your whole financial future.

MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE

Craftsmanship lives in Benchmark. Measure your Bourbon against it.

The men who make this Bourbon still think you can do a better job if you care a lot for your craft.

So, they were happy with the name Benchmark. It means, "that which others are measured against".

They think their Bourbon lives up to its name. Taste it and see what you think.



Seagram's Benchmark Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 40 Proof. Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. 1988.

19TH HOLE - continued

bolic award given the supposed national champion—a week before the official college playing season was over (Penn State, then 9-0, still had one game to play).

Dan Jenkins' decision to write that the national championship is to be decided New Year's Day at Pasadena only adds to the realm of fourth-estate selections as to who the No. 1 team really is. According to Jenkins, had USC beaten Ohio State, it would have ended up being No. 1 even though it was tied during the season by Notre Dame, and soundly trounced in the statistical department in that same contest. Although we now know that such was not the outcome, had it been so, his decision would have looked mighty foolish.

W. B. MERIAN JR.

Exton, Pa.

Sirs:

Although far away from the 50-yard line, I still like to keep up with the American sports scene, and therefore enjoyed your Dec. 23rd issue with all the articles on the bowl games, but I must admit I am heavily weary of predictions, claims, counterclaims and shopworn hyperboles, especially in the case of college football where there is rarely a clear-cut champion and where there is absolutely no way, as things now stand, to judge the comparative strength of most teams. Witness your own failure to predict the winner in four out of five bowl games. Perhaps it is only my exposure to French rationality, but a solution seems simple: First choice—don't bother playing the football games, just vote on them. With a great saving of time, money, gray hair and wrenched cartilage, the sportswriters, pundits and coaches could handle things by themselves. Or perhaps this would be a job for the Harris and Gallup polls. At least it could keep them busy in nonelection years.

Choice two, the NCAA should run a football tournament, similar to the ones in basketball and baseball. I believe it would be very simple to set up a series of playoff games during the month of December. Only for the championship team and for the runner-up would the season be extended as long as a month. Since the good Fathers at Notre Dame didn't object when their basketball team went to the NIT, I don't see why they must upon keeping the football team out of postseason games. Especially when many of the players go to all-star games anyway. If the Southeastern Conference is reluctant to let its teams stray far from home, maybe, as indicated by their performance in the bowls the past two years, they have good reason to be cautious. If nothing else, a simple abolition of the Top Ten rankings would at least relieve the fury of this one displaced fan.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY

Aumbeau-sur-Sigone, France

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